THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you wish your name dropped from our list. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

JULY 11, 1881.

B. & B.

WE ARE SELLING
Broken Lines Dress Goods
THAT ARE VERY DECIDED BARGAINS.
Note below a few Indicements offered:
LINEN LAWNS!
10 cents per yard to close.
4-4 Cochoco and Pacific Lawns, 5 cents per yard
Linen Suitings, 7 cents per yard.
Linen Hantings at 10 cents, ¾ wool, in all colors.
NOVELTIES IN
IMPORTED DRESS GOODS,
At 15 cents, worth 50 cents.
100 Assorted Handsome Parasols at half price.
Extraordinary Bargains in Fans, Belts and Bags.
LADIES' TRAVELING ULSTERS.
75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and up to $5.00 each.
Ladies', Misses and Children's
LAWN AND GINGHAM SUITS,
All to be closed out at a sacrifice.
SEVERAL CASES CHOICE
NEW GOODS.
OPEN:
New Black Spanish Laces. New Laces of all kind.
New Hosiery. New Sacks Embroideries.
New Nainsook Embroideries. New Linen Delnde.
New Figured Swisses, 25c. up. New White Goods.
Large Invoices Black Colored Dress Silks received to-day. Satins, Brocades, &c.; thus keeping our stock renewed with all the choicest colorings, including Bronze in various shades, now sought for, and very scarce.
SPECIAL VALUES IN
FANCY SUMMER SILKS!
New Black and Colored Cashmeres;
Choice Tricotine Dress Goods,
BOGGS & BUHL,
118 & 120 Federal Street, Allegheny.
P. S.—New Skeleton Hoop Skirts and Bustles; Hosiery, Gloves, Buttons, New Beaded Passementaries and Fringes, Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Gents' Gossamer and Merino Underwear, Jean Drawers, Collars Cuffs and Neckwear.

M'DONALD & CO.,
OF LORETTO, SELL
SUGARS at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.;
Green and Black Teas, 25, 50 and 75c. per lb.;
Green Coffee at 16 and 20 cts. per lb.;
Roasted Coffee at 18, 20 and 22c. per lb.;
Two boxes Coffee Essence for 5 cents;
Two boxes Blacking for 5 cents;
Two papers Baking Soda for 5 cents;
Two papers Pepper for 10 cents;
4 lbs. Barley or 4 lbs. Oat Meal for 25 cts.;
4 lbs. Hominy or 4 lbs. Split Peas for 25 cts.;
4 lbs. Rice or 3 lbs. Farina for 25 cts.;
4 Balls Lye or 6 lbs. Washing Soap for 25 cts.;
Molasses, 35c. per gall.; Syrup, 50c. per gal.;
Carbon Oil, 15 cts. per gal.;
Flour, $1.25 per sack; Salt, $1.65 per bbl.
Calicoes, 4, 5 and 6c. per yard;
Ginghams, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard;
Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, 8, 10, 12½, 16, 20, 25c.
Men's Socks, 5, 10, 12½, 15, 20 and 25c. per pair;
Stockings, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
Thread, 1, 2 and 3 cts. per spool;
Cigarettes, 25 cts. each;
Corsets, 25, 50 and 75 cts. each;
Ladies' Gloves, 12, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
Ladies' Hose, 8, 10, 12½, 16 and 25c. per pair;
Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 5, 8, 10, 15 and 25c. each;
Arm Laces, Edgings, Embroideries, Crepes, &c.
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Infants' Shoes, 25, 35 and 50 cts. per pair.
Children's Shoes, 50, 75 and $1.00 per pair.
Misses' Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 per pair.
Ladies' Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per pair.
Men's Shoes, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.
Men's Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.
CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS.....$2.50 to $10.00.
MEN'S " .....3.00 to 20.00.
We guarantee our prices on all goods to be as low, if not lower, than the prevailing prices in Altoona, Johnstown, or Ebensburg. All we ask is a fair trial. Any goods sold by us which do not give satisfaction either in quality or wearing, will be taken back and the money refunded, provided they are returned in good condition within ten (10) days.
McDONALD & CO.
Loretto, May 6, 1881.-tf.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.
2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.
3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.
4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'
L. L. CRAGN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by W. S. Barnes & Bro., Ebensburg. [4-1.-e.o.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)
One Wire Painted Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.
Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.
OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
114, 116 & 118 FIRST Avenue,
[4-27.-6m.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE PEOPLE'S
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
The subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first class toncrial establishment in the building recently occupied by Edgar Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who may favor him with their patronage, and strive by other attentions in his line to merit a liberal share of public patronage. ☞ Ladies' hair and baby cuttings made into curls and switches when desired. ☞ Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.
H. F. SCHAEFER.
Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-1y.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., ALTOONA, PA., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, where night calls can be made. Hours, from 8 to 10, A. M. and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank, Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

☞ SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cuticura
The Great SKIN CURE.
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

RINGWORM.
Geo. W. Brown, 43 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.
Thomas Lee, 2278 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff, which for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one-quarter of an inch in thickness, was cured by Cuticura Remedies.

TREATMENT.
The CUTICURA TREATMENT consists in the internal use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.
For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

CUTICURA
REMEDIES are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP (the queen of medicinal and toilet soaps), 25 cts. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cts. Principal depot.
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.
☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
More continuous and powerful electric current obtained from Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters than any $5 battery made. They are a speedy and certain cure for Pains and Weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysterics, Female Complaints, Pains and Weakness, Malaria, and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. [7-1.-1m.]

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.—To Mary A. Downey, formerly Mary A. Sheridon, Albert Bender and Ann Bender (formerly Ann Sheridon), Christ Sheridon and Ann E. Sheridon, who reside in Iowa county, State of Iowa.
Whereas, at an Orphans' Court, held at Ebensburg on July 19th, 1881, the petition of Asa Sheridon, a son of John Sheridon, late of the township of Clearfield, in said county, deceased, was presented, praying the Court to award an inquest to make partition of the real estate of said decedent, and, whereas, the prayer of the said petitioner was ordered that notice be given to those interested as required by law, and, whereas, proof it was in said petition residing out of the county by publication and mailing copy of notice to nearest post-office; notice is hereby given to the above named parties that, by virtue of the above mentioned writ, an inquest will be held and taken upon the premises therein described, on Thursday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1881, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of making partition at valuation and appraisement of the said real estate, as in the said writ required, at which time and place said parties can attend if they see proper.
THOMAS GRIFFITH.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 22, 1881.-4t.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is half as liable to disease as he who is irregular. He may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as subject to outside influences. The use of
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient
secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Smith's Fat Blind and Shutter Bower.
Shutters can be placed 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 inches apart and held securely in either position. Agents wanted in every county. Can make big wages in Summer and Fall. The best and handsomest thing out. Sells at every house. Write for particulars. Samples by mail for 6 cents postage.
Address SMITH & CO.,
304 Master St., Philadelphia.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown, and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1.'81.]

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Cheot Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about ninety ACRES cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address E. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881 -tf. Loretto, Pa.

VENNOR'S PREDICTIONS!
For this Month's Weather, prepared expressly for STODDARD'S REVIEW.
SAMPLE COPY SENT FREE. Address
J. M. STODDART, Pub., N. York, Phila., or Chicago.
July 22, 1881.-3t.

Blairsville (Pa.) Ladies' Seminary.
Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings. Healthful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION. Thirty-first year begins September 14, 1881. Apply for Catalogues to REV. T. H. ELLIOTT, D. D., Principal
July 15, 1881.-2m.

OPIUM And MORPHINE Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years established; 1000 cured. Write stating case. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.
April 22, 1881.-m.

I want ONE agent in every town to sell a valuable article. No money required; small goods are sold. Address P. O. Box 3256, New York City.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 13 useful stops, 5 set reeds only $65. Pianos $125 up. Illus Catalog, FREE. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4.'81.-1y.]

PAMPHLET for advertisers, 100 pages, 25 cents. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER ON THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

They told the news in a tender way,
To the gray-haired mother of him that day,
Who seemed on the bound of the unknown land,
Felled by a madman's deadly hand;
For every heart in the midst there knew
The weary years which had bound the two;
She, only bowing her head, said low:
"What hand could have wounded my baby so?"

To her, though he fell at the Nation's head,
He was still a babe, though the years had fled;
But memory turned and her heart went o'er
The past, till she stood at the cabin door,
And heard the wind o'er love's lone grave sigh
A widow's and orphan's lullaby:
Be patient, soul, for you still must take
The burden up for the children's sake.

If her hand grew hard, still her heart beat true
The weary hours of the winter through;
Her line refused of the daily fare,
So more might fall to the children's share:
And the babe she soothed to its childish rest—
That gave a hope to her aching breast—
Was he who, wounded and dying, lay
In the noon of life on that dreadful day.

Do you wonder, after her toilsome years,
They told her the awful truth with fears,
That the fragile thread of her life would break,
For she still but lived for her children's sake.

"Oh, for the sweet old days," she said,
"When he laid on my breast his childish head,
When a boy, unknown to a party strife,
He lived in the cabin a humble life.
The self-same peace he shall never know
As when in the forest, long ago,
The wind sang wild o'er the orphan child,
That toiled by my side through the heat and snow."

"Better the crust that is crowned at night
By holy sleep than a ruler's might,
That brings its weariesme round of care,
Leaving scarce thought for slumber or prayer.
Praise or blame from a servile throng,
Cannot equal the sweet old song
That soothed the heart of the simple child
In the lonely depths of the forest wild."

"Better the early and lowly life,
Than manhood crowned from a party strife;
More free his heart when a little child,
Crowned in his play by the forest wild."

THE HISTORY OF A DEAD MAN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

It was in the autumn, just before the opening of the railroad between Taganrok and Charkoff, and I had to make the tedious journey with post horses. For the first two days the weather was pleasant, but on the third morning the heavens were covered with heavy, grey clouds, a northwest wind blew furiously; thunder, lightning, snow flakes and rain followed—such a storm as can only be found in Southern Russia. In half an hour the roads were impassable with black mud, and as we reached the post station of Donski we found there was no more progress for that day. As I entered the station I was met by a tall, fine-looking, grey-haired man, whose black velvet coat with backward Grecian sleeves made me judge him as holding some military or official position. Behind him came a handsome Cossack woman about his age, and both greeted me kindly, In reply to my request for a cup of tea, the woman said, "Husband, ask the gentleman if he would not like a roast chicken with his tea. It will be a long time before he can mount his troika and continue his journey and he will find the chicken tender."

As she said this she glanced lovingly at the man, and then left the room, not before he had waved a kiss to her as she closed the door.

"She is my beloved wife, and widow, sir," said he, turning to me as I took a seat by the porcelain stove, warming my hands on its smooth sides. "Ha! ha! you laugh, sir, but wait until you are eating your chicken, and if you wish I will tell you the history of a man who has been dead fourteen years and who married his widow." Of course I was eager for the story, and soon after when my chicken was brought to me tempting and warm, he drew a chair near my elbow and commenced his story.

"I am nearly sixty years old now, sir; my wife also. But she was once a beautiful, good, young girl; she is as good now as then, and perhaps I am a partial judge, but I find her still beautiful."

To this last statement I assented, and he continued:

"I was a wild young fellow, high tempered, and of a roving disposition. I was postmaster of the station when I married Olga. At first I was contented—she was a loving, good wife—but I grew weary of life, and restless for freedom. One day, it was in the year of 1848, she seemed sad, and coming to me put her arms around my neck, and said, "Do you really and truly love me, Wanska?" I answered impatiently, 'Oh, yes, you know I do.' 'But you don't love me as I do you,' she continued. In that moment an evil spirit must have seized me. I don't know what thoughts passed through my brain, only it seemed as if she was right. I loved her in my way, but it nettled me that I was bound to her for life, and I wanted my freedom. As she clung to me, I pushed her violently away, and she fell to the floor. Rising slowly she looked at me reproachfully and left the room without a word.

"I was wild I ran to the stable. 'Harness me a troika instantly,' I cried to the hostler. 'There is a despatch left here by the last courier that I must take to Charkoff; make haste.' In a few minutes the wagon was ready. Paul took the reins, the bells were ringing clearly in the fresh air, and without a backward glance for Olga, I was flying from the station, and in twenty hours I reached Charkoff.

"Dismissing the wagon, I went to the postmaster, who was my most intimate friend. I called for ink and pen and wrote a letter, which I gave to him, saying, 'Do this favor for me and be silent. I want to leave my wife. In eight days send her this letter and ask me no questions.' In the letter I wrote:

"'OLGA: When you receive this letter I shall be dead. Forget me and marry some other man who will treat you better than I have done. Forgive me for striking you: it was a shameful act. Keep the station, you can write and can hold it as well as I. Heaven bless you.

"'WANSKA.'

"My friend shook my hand and promised to fulfil my errand, and a few hours later I was on my way to the military bureau of—, where I told them I wanted to enlist for fourteen years in the Horse Guards and gave them a different name from my own. I was tall and healthy, and they were very glad to accept me, asking me a few questions. My hair was cut short, my beard shorn, and in my new uniform, with a glittering helmet on my head, I rode through the streets of St. Petersburg, and no one to know me among the thousands who looked at us as we passed by. I was ambitious, and learned the routine of soldiers life quickly. The discipline was severe; it was hard to be obedient, and as for the freedom I had longed for, I found I had lost it. I was soon a sergeant, and finally became a captain of horse in the regiment.

"I won distinction in the service. In the war with Turkey—and later the Crimea—my time was up, and I was seized with a most terrible homesickness, for of late years I had learned to love my wife passionately, and to see her again, even though she were the wife of another, was my only thought. I wondered if she had changed in all these years; if she had grown stout as a beer cask or as thin as a corkscrew. I was offered many advantages if I would remain in the army, but I refused them all, was honorably discharged, with a good pension, and the same day started for the south, my heart beating wildly between hope and fear. I reached Charkoff, and found that my old friend, the postmaster, was dead. My heart fainted with the thought that Olga too might be dead.

"'Who has the post at Douski?' I inquired, crossing myself under my long military cloak.

"'A widow,' was the reply.

"'The same who held it fourteen years ago?'

"'The same,' came the answer.

"In eighteen hours I was there. I knew the two old men who unharnessed my horses. They were former servants of mine. But they did not know me in my uniform. I hastened to the entrance of this house, then into the office. Olga sat at the desk writing and seemed unchanged to me. True, her face was more sad, and in her beautiful black hair I saw a few silver threads, yet she was still beautiful.

"I stole in. 'Olga dearest!' I whispered and sank on my knees before her. She didn't look at me, but threw her arms in the air; her head fell upon the desk heavily. She had fainted. I sprang to her, took her in my arms, while I told my story and begged her forgiveness, and the angel forgave me. That was sixteen years ago, sir, and the years passed like spring days. We have been always so happy."

After a pause the delightful old man continued:

"But what do you think the stupid government at St. Petersburg insists upon? That I am dead, sir, and the Donska postastation must remain in the hands of my widow; or else the guardsman of the Cuirassiers must be dead, and lose his pension. My widow laughs over the dilemma. She keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes, I draw my very liberal pension under the name by which I enlisted, but as the former postmaster of Donski I am a dead man. This is my history, sir. There may be some who do not believe it, but we and our neighbors know better."

I thanked the good man for his interesting story. And his wife, soon entering, took his hand, saying:

"Ah, my husband, I fear you have wearied the gentleman with your oft repeated story. Come with me that I may scold you," and they went off laughing together, he with a look of love in his eyes that showed plainly how much he valued wife and widow.

HOW TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR.

"I do so pity those men on the Rodgers," remarked Mrs. Max, passing the Major the honey, which he always insisted on having with his rice cakes.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Major, who was a trifle cynical that morning, having burned his mouth with coffee. "Yes, indeed, my dear, the life of an Arctic explorer must be hard. They are so isolated from the world. Just imagine, if you can, the horror of living for three years out of the dust and wind and fog and rain of our glorious climate; of not meeting all that time the man at your club who thinks the oftener a story is told the better it is; of being without the consolation afforded you by the busted stock operator who knows you are glad of an opdortunity to lend him a twenty; of being where millinery and Japanese decoration stores do not daily entrap one's wife; of being—"

"Why, Major, how you do talk! I was only thinking of the horrid things that Rodgers' crew will have to do to get their bear steaks."

"How's that?" asked the Major, instantly interested over the object of steaks, which he holds of much greater importance than the Irish land troubles.

"What I know about it," resumed Mrs. Max, "I read in a fashion paper, and it ought to be true."

"It certainly ought to be, Mrs. Max, if only on account of its old age."

"Well, the article said," continued Mrs. Max, pretending to ignore the Major's slur on her favorite reading, "that Arctic explorers, when they want to kill a polar bear, plant a big knife in the ice with the blade sticking up. They daub the blade with blood, and the bear comes along and licks it and cuts his tongue. It is so cold that he don't feel the cut, but, tasting his own blood, continues to lick the knife until his tongue is all frayed, and he bleeds to death. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Quiet your fears, my dear," said the Major when his wife had finished. "That is the way they killed the bear when that story was first published, but in the last twenty years an improvement has been made, which I will tell you about, if you will kindly give me just a drop of coffee, with cold milk, this time. The way the thing is done now is as follows: When Captain Berry, of the Rodgers, wants a polar bear for dinner, he gives a midshipman a copper bed spring and a chunk of salt pork. The midshipman compresses the spring perfectly flat, wrapping the pork around it tight, and holds it so until it freezes solid. Then the frozen pork, stuffed with the bed spring, is thrown out to the nearest iceberg, where it is promptly swallowed by a polar bear. When the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the pork it releases the spring, which flies out, and the bear soon dies of a pain in his side."

"Major," said Mrs. Max, with very much warmth, "I don't believe that such a story is true."

"No, my dear, and you won't, until, in a few years, you see it in some fashion paper, and then you will swear by it."

THE Detroit (Mich.) News says that as a flock of sheep, 100 in number, were being driven down Michigan avenue one day last week, one of them took a notion to dash and rest in a shop on that thoroughfare. It is a well known trait of these animals that where one goes the others will follow and "in two shakes of a lamb's tail" the whole drove were in the store. Several clerks were knocked over and some damage done before they could be started out again. Then they knocked over a horse standing in front, and every leg of mutton in the lot jumped over him before he could get up.

A FEARFUL HALF-HOUR.

In the early days of the Cincinnati Southern, before it had attained its present system, and immediately after the road had been opened for traffic to Somerset, occurred an event the recollection of which even to this day serves to bring out goose flesh on those who at the time were cognizant of the impending disaster.

Within a few days after passenger travel began the officers of the Southern sent invitations for a trip over the road to all of Cincinnati's wealthiest men and heaviest taxpayers, and on the morning of the excursion dozens of carriages left the Burnett house, the place of meeting, and conveyed them across the river to Ludlow, where the "special," headed by No. 1, the crack engine, with Mat. Coombs at the lever, was in waiting. Miles N. Beatty, now superintendent of the southern division, was conductor.—When all the excursionists were on board the engineer and conductor went into Train Dispatcher Cooledge's office, where they read and signed the following order, and placed copies in their pockets:

"Meet and pass No. 2, north bound passenger train at Williamstown."

To Williamstown for delivery to the northbound passenger train, on arrival, was sent the following order:

"——, Conductor:

"Meet and pass south-bound special at Williamstown."

So that the situation stood thus—either train reaching the place indicated first was to go on the siding and wait there until the one coming from the opposite direction had arrived and gone ahead on the cleared track. Of the wealthy passenger load some were seated chatting, others were standing on the platforms, and still others on the summer car, when, glancing up and down his train, the conductor, finding everything in good order and readiness, waved his hand to the watching engineer, and the special pulled out, slowly at first, but as it moved on the speed increased until it went out of sight around the curve a flying, and a little later a rumbling sound told of its crossing the trestle, and that it was well and fairly started on the way south. It was understood that extra fast time was to be made, and to offer no obstacle the track had been cleared of everything save the passenger train referred to.

One half hour after the start from Ludlow, No. 2, fifteen minutes behind time, reached Williamsiown, at which place the standing rule was imperative that conductors should at all times stop and inquire for orders.—Stopping only long enough to unload a passenger in the mud, the conductor, thinking only of making up lost time, signaled the engineer, and the train went on.

The horrified operator from his window saw No. 2, flashing northward to what seemed inevitable destruction, as the telegraph line between his room and Ludlow was unbroken by a single instrument, and at that moment two trains at high rates of speed were rapidly lessening the distance between each other on the single track. He telegraphed at once to Ludlow that "No. 2 had passed without stopping for orders."

All color left the face of train dispatcher Cooledge as he received the message and as he communicated the dire intelligence to Jack Redmond, master of transportation, that individual's countenance assumed a similar hue. With him to think was to act. Stepping to the station door he quietly beckoned several men to him and composedly gave instructions to each. One-half dozen of them went on the double quick in different directions for physicians. The storekeepers went into the warehouse and gathered together sponges, baskets, materials for splints and soft muslin for bandages.—Meanwhile other employes had run up to the engine house, and starting a fire under an idle locomotive had hitched on a caboose and backed down in front of the station where the car was transformed at once into a hospital coach. To all save Redmond and Cooledge these preparations were mysterious. The relief train was soon in readiness, but did not start. Redmond, seated at the desk and estimating the rate of speed at which the trains were moving, calculated about where the collision would take place. Some of the passengers would escape unhurt, and one of them would hasten at once on horseback to Williamstown, the nearest point for medical aid. Here the operator would learn the exact locality of the accident and send a dispatch to Ludlow. Possessed of this information Redmond could send his waiting engine and car, with the corps of physicians and nurses, to the spot at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The other and slower plan would be to let the "relief" start out and cautiously find its way around the many curves. He chose the wiser course. The scene in the train dispatcher's office was painful. Cooledge, leaning over the silent instrument, watched it with feverish eyes as if to read its secret before transmission. On another chair was Redmond, with big globes of perspiration coming from the pores of his face and rolling down unheeded. Neither man spoke. Five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes that seemed like ages passed, when came a sharp click. It was Williamstown calling Ludlow. Cooledge's hair rose up on end as he gave the response. Redmond stood up and placed a hand on the door knob. The next moment Cooledge fairly yelled, "No collision. No. 2 has just backed into Williamstown." The two men shook hands with the same vigor as if they were twin brothers and hadn't met for a thousand years

It was then ascertained that, by the most fortunate circumstances, the trains had simultaneously entered from opposite ends upon the longest piece of straight track between the two telegraph stations, and an instantaneous application of the brakes had brought them to a stop within twenty feet of each other. No. 2, recognizing the "special's" right of way, backed to Williamstown, where it went in on the siding, and Cincinnati's millionaires and capitalists proceeded unhurt on their journey.

MRS. SPANGLES breathlessly said: "Dear, I will tell you an awful, awful thing. Do you know that Mr. Slowbox cannot take his breakfast in the morning without a cocktail? Now, my dear Mr. Spangles never does such a thing as that. He would not think of a cocktail. He simply rolls in his bed, looks around the room for his clothes, and says: "Mary, for the love of the great stars above us, I feel as if I had a cinder in my mouth! Give me a pitcher of water—none of your confounded little goblets, but a bucketful.—Hurry.' But you never hear him ask for a cocktail. He hastens down to the store without his breakfast."

THE nearest infallible remedy is PERUNA.

LIVING BY THEIR WITS.

A NOVEL METHOD ADOPTED BY AN ENTERPRISING QUARTETTE.

A few days ago a weather-beaten quartette of middle-aged men arrived at Reading. They had been on a novel and extended tour through the country. A sun-browned Irish lad, describing himself as Michael Dalton, of Newark, was apparently the leader of the party. "You see," said he, "we have no work in summer. We all have one trade, and to make a living we travel to see the country." On being closely pressed he acknowledged that when employed at their regular business they shovelled snow.

"I tell you this in confidence," said he, "and it must not go any further. The four of us made up our minds to get out of Newark. We lost our jobs through a strike, and after thinking a long time over our bad luck, my friend here, Dick, struck upon a racket which to me was new. We went to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, got out into the Ohio towns, worked Pittsburgh, the oil country and Harrisburg, and here we are in Reading. We lived like fighting cocks, but had to rough it some times. Well, you want to know how we work it. I'll tell you. Dick has a school education, and was in the army. He is a good band at writing poetry, so one day, about nine months ago, he wrote a string of rhymes on a shingle. It was about a poor man out of work, hungry, tired, weary and worn-out, with a wife and kids at home also hungry, and with no clothes to go to Sunday school; that the world owed men a living who really desired to work; and then winding up with asking a blessing on the home of the family you are going to call on. The blessing is very touching and affecting, and the words common and plain, so that every man, woman and child can understand them. Well, we got them printed for $2 a thousand. On the bottom of each was a line: "Price two cents. I will call for your answer in about an hour." Each of us took 250 copies and started out.

"First we worked Easton, dividing the town off into four sections. The verses said that the bearer had been in the army, and each of us had to be booked up on the war. We were well trained by Dick. I worked one block carefully on each side of the street, handed a song personally to the lady of each house, and walked off. When every house in the block had been served, I started again where I began and collected the pennies. Well, sir, at nearly every house I sold a song. We all worked in that way, and many a day we sold out completely. Then we'd get in a new stock. You can reckon up the profits: First cost $2 a thousand; receipts $20; profits $18, or $4.50 a day for each man. Of course, we couldn't average that. Some days it rained and we couldn't work, and other days the sales would be slow. Towns of 35,000 to 50,000 inhabitants we found to pay the best. In Philadelphia things were very slow. Our trade was brisk in Baltimore. Pittsburgh panned out well, and so did Cincinnati. Out there we traveled from place to place on railroads and lived well. Printing is cheaper out that way, and people are more liberal. In our business it don't do to lose your temper. If you're insulted, bear it. You don't go far before they call you back and buy ten cents' worth of songs. The "blessing on the home" is what wins. Nobody is going to throw away a blessing for two cents. Poor people are our best customers. I've often got five cents for a song, never less than two cents. The highest I ever got for one was fifty cents and a dinner in Pittsburgh. The other boys had a streak of luck that day, and the next week we had a bully time at the Cleveland races. We spent a good deal of money on our tour, saw all the sights, and never went hungry or thirsty, you bet. Women are the best patrons. The men ask so many questions, and they know too much. They think you're a thief, prowling around for points to enter their houses at night; and if they ever were in the army they want to know all about the regiment you were in, and in what battles you fought.

"I was caught in a trap many a time. I told a man once that I was in Company C, Eighty-Eighth New Jersey Regiment, and blast my luck the man said he had been a corporal in that same company for two years, and did not recognize me. I thought he might be spinning me a yarn, so I braced up and stuck to my story. He then got up off the step and took down from the wall of his little parlor a framed discharge paper which proved me to be the biggest liar in that town. I gave in, laughed, and the man bought a song all the same. As I turned to go, he told me to stick to that company and regiment, and gave me a brief history of it, so that I need never to get wrong again. Now I know all about that company. Thus far we've had a good time on the road, but we've got tired of it and are on the home run, and we're willing that some one else should get behind and follow it up."

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawbacks of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and consequent weariness, are never present with such a man. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, who finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than anywhere else. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside of it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply engaged, and not to the lounger, or even the easy minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest to live with and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charms of mental repose.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EGG.

A CHAPTER WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT OLD LOVES ARE NOT ALWAYS BEST.

The young woman employed by the egg and butter dealer of Grand street, Williamsburgh, who, in handling some eggs in the store, discovered one which contained a message, written in pencil, asking the girl who received it to open correspondence with a young farmer in Tennessee, was yesterday unhappy. The story of the love match made by means of the egg had been copied from *The Sun* into the newspapers all over the country. Wherever she went in the vicinity of her home she was pointed out as the woman who got a lover through an egg. The story was often told how she had responded to the farmer's egg-shell missive; how a letter came back which kindled a flame in her heart; how she continued the correspondence, and s

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 5, 1881.

THE condition of the President has improved so steadily with each day since Friday last, that his physicians now do not entertain any serious doubts as to his ultimate recovery.

CHAIRMAN DILL has called for a meeting of the State Democratic Committee at Bolton's Hotel, Harrisburg, at 12 M. on Wednesday, August 10th, to determine upon a time and place for holding the next State convention. A full attendance of the members of the Committee is requested.

THE Legislature adjourned on the 9th of June, and on last Friday, just *fifty* days afterward, we received *fifteen* copies of the *Legislative Record*, bringing up the proceedings of the two houses to within a few hours of their final adjournment. The *Record* costs the State about twenty thousand dollars every session, and although it is the most glaring of all the shameless frauds of legislative origin, the robbery is permitted to go on session after session, without the slightest attempt to stop it. The *Record* henceforth should be a thing of the past.

A GREAT many people think that Dan Rice is dead, but he isn't by a large majority, as he was alive and well in the city of Erie only a few days ago, where he exhibited his show known as "Dan Rice's Aggregation of Animal Curiosities and Wonderful Colossal Combination of Circus Talent," together with a good deal more of the same sort. A newspaper reporter who interviewed the old veteran found him to be the same old Dan that he was in the palmiest days of his prosperity, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, with a joke and a hearty laugh for everybody and everything.

THE Irish Land Bill finally passed the House of Commons on last Friday night and is now in the House of Lords. It is believed that no attempt will be made in that body to amend the bill in any important particular, but that it will be pushed through as rapidly as possible. As to the bill itself, the Irish landlords protest that they have been sacrificed on the altar of English radicalism, and declare that they will not take sides with their English brethern when a similar measure, or one that is even more rigorous, is introduced into Parliament to appease the popular cry against the iniquities of the present English land system.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, in a recent conversation with a St. Louis newspaper reporter, stated that when he was in Washington some time ago, and when the late Judge Clifford was in the enjoyment of his usual health he (Judge C.) told him that he had prepared a complete and detailed history of the proceedings of the Electoral Commission, of which he was a member, and that it would be published after his death, unless his wife, who is the custodian of the manuscript, should otherwise decide. If Mrs. Clifford will give this document to the country it will be "mighty interesting reading," so far as the "true inwardness" of Judge Bradley, of New Jersey, another member of the Commission, is concerned.

REV. THOMAS FARRELL, for many years pastor of St. Joseph's church, in New York, died July 20th, 1880, and the monument provided for in his will has been completed and erected over his grave and will soon be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. Under the dates of his birth and death is inscribed, as directed by Father Farrell's will, the following exhortation: "I beseech you to love liberty, and, above all, intelligence, and try to extend their blessings to every member of the human family. Hate tyranny, oppression wrong and suffering; but, above all, hate ignorance, the fruitful parent of evil to the human family." This good priest could not have left a richer legacy to his admiring and devoted congregation than is contained in these few eloquent and patriotic words.

SO RESPECTABLE a paper as the Harrisburg *Patriot* ventured in its last Monday's issue to say: "Should the decision of the Dauphin county Court in the legislative salary matter be affirmed by the Supreme Court, the next Legislature will pass a bill fixing the salary of members at $1,500. Stick a pin here." Of course the Legislature could do what the *Patriot* predicts it will do, provided it has the necessary amount of cheek, but we hardly think it will be inclined to attempt the experiment. This salary question and five months' sessions of the Legislature, with a very poor harvest as the outcome, are now pretty thoroughly understood by the people, and they are in no humor to tolerate any extra legislative pay such as the *Patriot* endorses. At all events a bill passed in 1883 fixing the salary at the sum named could not go into effect until the Legislature would meet in 1885, and a Legislature pledged to repeal the grab would be elected in 1884. At least that is the view we take of the matter.

THE downfall of Roscoe Conkling, although it may be, prove to only for a time, is a fatal blow to the third-term pretensions of his political idol, U. S. Grant. Conkling was the brains, the head and front of the movement, and to him, more than any other man, or number of men, that dangerous and anti-American doctrine owes its origin. There never was so bold and fraudulent an attempt made in this country to misrepresent the will of a political party as was made by Cameron in this State in February, 1880, and by Conkling in New York a short time afterwards, to pack the Chicago convention with solid third-term delegations from the two largest States in the Union. If the scheme had been wholly instead of only about *half* successful, Conkling would have been supreme master of the Chicago convention and Grant would have been nominated. With the fall of Conkling, we repeat, the third-term heresy falls, and with it Grant disappears as a Presidential candidate for all time to come.

WITHOUT attempting to discuss the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the ten dollar per diem clause in the legislative salary act of 1874, there is one fact connected with its passage that deserves special notice. The session of 1874 was the first one held after the adoption of the new constitution in 1873. James .S Rutan, of Beaver county, was then a member of the State Senate, and last winter, when Attorney General Palmer took ground in a written opinion against the constitutionality of the clause referred to, Mr. Rutan stated to a representative of the Pittsburg *Post* that he himself framed the salary bill while serving in the Senate in 1874—that it was found to be impossible to complete the work of the session within the one hundred days, owing entirely to the fact that the constitution required the enactment of a great many important laws at that session to enforce its provisions—that it would have been impossible to keep the members at Harrisburg if they were not paid for the *extra* time, and that the bill was drawn up and passed expressly to meet that emergency. Mr. Rutan further said that no one expected any subsequent session would exceed one hundred days, and that, therefore, the bill was not limited to that session alone, himself and the other members believing that public opinion would be so strong against long sessions that the Legislature would not exceed one hundred days, for which a salary of one thousand dollars was provided. Here then we have the plain and emphatic statement of the author of the salary bill as to his meaning and intention when he wrote it, and what the Legislature meant when it passed it. The only thing for which so experienced a member as Mr. Rutan can be censured is, that he didn't add a *proviso* to the section limiting its application to that particular session and even embracing the succeeding session, so as adequately to pay the members for the extra time consumed in enacting laws to carry out the provisions of the constitution. If he had done so it would have simplified the matter amazingly.

THE State treasury was wilfully imposed upon at the last session of the Legislature by the men who procured the passage of the bill appropriating $220,000 for the annual maintenance of the National Guard, and the Guard has been outrageously swindled since by reducing the number of its brigades from *five* to *three*. When the bill was before the House several members stood up in their places and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors that $220,000 would be sufficient to keep up and pay all the expenses of the organization as it then existed, and that they had the authority of the Adjutant General for saying so. All this meant *five* brigades, and the bill passed, but no sooner did the Legislature adjourn than Hartranft, who is Major General, Latta, the Adjutant General, and the other members of the "Ring," set themselves at work to reduce, and actually have reduced, the *five* brigades down to *three*. It is as plain as the nose on a man's face that if 220,000 was sufficient to maintain *five* brigades, it is just $88,000, according to the plain rules of arithmetic, more than enough to keep up and maintain *three* brigades. Latta will of course be entitled to draw out of the State treasury the whole of the appropriation for the three brigades, and any man who thinks he won't do it don't know Latta; and it will then be the business of the Legislature, at its next regular session in 1883, to find out how the grab of $88,000 was expended, and into whose pockets it found its way.

JOHN I. MITCHELL, the noble colleague of that other noble representative of Pennsylvania in the U. S. Senate, Don Cameron, has written a letter to J. Ambler Smith, of Washington, in which he indorses Mahone and his repudiation brigands in the political contest now going on in Virginia. In thus aiding and abetting the vile and robber doctrine of repudiating the sacred obligations of a State, Mitchell conceals his purpose under the thin veil of assumed devotion to "free schools, fair elections and just laws." As to "free schools," Mitchell knows as well as any man that one of Mahone's publicly avowed purposes is the *repeal* of the poll-tax as a suffrage qualification, that tax being the chief revenue or fund set apart for the free schools for the equal enjoyment of both blacks and whites. And as regards "fair elections" and "just laws," when have the colored people of Virginia ever complained that their right to vote was not precisely the same as the right of white men, or that the laws of the State don't alike govern white men and black? It is a disgrace to Pennsylvania to have two demagogues in the Senate like Cameron and Mitchell, who, when honest men in Virginia, Republicans as well as Democrats, are engaged in a death struggle, as it were, for the financial honor of the State, will stoop so low for political purposes as to throw the weight of their official influence in favor of the success of a political pirate like Mahone.

JOHN C. BURCH, of Tennessee, Secretary of the U. S. Senate, who will be gratefully remembered for his courteous conduct by those members of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association who visited Nashville while on a pleasure trip nearly three years ago to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and who cannot but regret his untimely demise, died at Washington on Thursday of last week. His death will, of course, render necessary the election of a new Secretary when the Senate meets in December. Mahone's candidate at the late special session, George C. Gorham, is said to be preparing to make another contest for the place, but his bitter denunciation of the President, up to the day he was shot, through the columns of the paper he edits in Washington, are not calculated to enhance the prospects of his success.

THE Kentucky election took place on Monday last. No State officers were to be chosen, but a Legislature was elected which will return James B. Beck to the U. S. Senate. He is a very able man and enjoys a high reputation in the Senate, second only to that of Thomas F. Bayard.

THE EFFECT OF IT.

The Chicago *Times*, which has a mania for breaking up political parties, has been interviewing a great number of representative men of all parties and shades of political opinion as to whether the attempted assassination of the President wrought any marked change in political feeling. Several other questions were also propounded, but they were of minor importance. It is the almost unanimous verdict of the entire country that the shooting of the President has not produced any marked change in the attitude of parties, further than to soften the sensibilities of partisan strife and in a measure harmonize the conflicting elements of the Republican party. The reply of ex-Governor Seymour to the *Times* is the best tempered and more nearly reflects the general opinion of the country than any other. Governor Seymour says:

I do not think that the attack on the President has made any marked change in political feelings, except, perhaps, to soften them. It has without doubt made with Democrats a more kindly feeling toward the President. What the future may be no one can foresee. If, in case of his restoration to health, President Garfield should show a strong partisan feeling it would make a reaction against him. Extreme partisanship would be felt to be an ungrateful return for the interest shown by all parties and all sections in his recovery. I do not think that the question of administrative arrangement has occupied much of the public mind, nor do I think that it has brought out any well-worked plan for guarding against this danger to the public from the attempts to murder officials. The perils which surround high positions may tend to check ambition to hold them, and to sober the passion for place and power. It is hard to foresee the effects of the Albany contest upon the action of parties. These are so frequently modified by casual events that it is difficult to forecast the effort of any particular action. It has encouraged the Democratic party, because it has not been drawn into the contest or made responsible for any of the acts of the Legislature that have offended. I do not think that there are any indications of any great modification in political parties.

The *Times* itself gives this view of the situation in New York:

When Conkling lost his crown and his head his influence seems to have gone with it, and the power of his personality is little feared. Outside of New York the belief is very generally expressed that his disappearance from the arena, if he has disappeared, has left no impress that will be felt in national politics, and not enough to speak of in local New York politics. Democrats are sanguine that the dethroned chief will be a disturbing element in the Republican party which will result in a Democratic victory in New York, and an eventual Bourbon triumph at the next general election. This is all idle speculation, however, for the reason that no one yet knows or pretends to know what the ex-Senator proposes to do, and much depends on that.

The Half Breed organs may sneer as they please at Roscoe, but beneath all their sneers is plainly seen evidence of fear for his political powers. He is a man who never deserts those who do his bidding and he has avowed that in the "near future" his "Spartan band" will be rewarded. Conkling is down now, but we doubt if the Half Breeds can keep him down.—*Pittsburg Post.*

PENN'S BODY.—The proposal to bring the ashes of William Penn from England and deposit them within the limits of the great Commonwealth which he founded was a very natural one, and it is a pity it cannot be done. There are those who consider Penn the greatest statesman ever set foot on this continent. The work which Penn did in England doubtless appeared to him at the time far more important than that which he did on this side. Even had he been able to foresee the future magnitude of the State whose foundations he was laying in the wilderness of America, it would yet have been in Europe and in a small object compared with that large and perfect religious toleration for all men of all sects for which he contended there. For this he wrote, spoke, and suffered in body and estate; and the most casual study of his life and remains will show that he wrote and spoke with learning and ability, and that he suffered with the pious fortitude of a true martyr.

He mingled much in Parliament, in Court, and took an important part in various great affairs, he used his influence always to relieve those in distress, to help forward the sacred cause of religious liberty for the professors of all opinions, and to save the King from some foolish and from some brutal errors, while his own character remained absolutely stainless. But his greatest work was that which he did in the Province of Pennsylvania, where as statesman and lawgiver he put into the frame work of the freest State then on the earth the advanced doctrines which he preached to others. The possession of power never for a moment blinded his clear judgment and no temptation ever turned him aside from his single purpose of granting to all men the same liberty of conscience which he claimed for himself.

The State, founded in Christian peace, grew and flourished in that peace. Its compacts with all its neighbors, civilized and savage, were sacredly kept, and the "blood of no man," shed or flowed freely in every other part of the continent, was never shed within its borders while the Penns controlled its councils. The history of Pennsylvania for about one hundred years is the noblest practical triumph of Christianity that we know anything about. That great Commonwealth is Penn's monument, and his mortal remains should not be separated from it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PEORIA, Illinois, puts in a claim to the distinction of being the home of the man who manufactured the dynamite machines which have recently thrown Great Britain into a tremor of alarm. An alleged partner of O'Donovan-Rossa, residing in Peoria, named A. W. Crowe, who is vouched for by a press telegram as a temperate, honest, and industrious fellow, is said to have recently declared that all the "infernal machines" lately seized in Europe were manufactured in that city. He describes those engines of destruction as follows: "Each machine weighs forty-five pounds. The outside is made of iron, and within is a zinc receptacle containing a clock arrangement. After running six hours the clock liberates a hammer that strikes a nipple and explodes a percussion cap, which fires the charge of an ounce and a half of fulminate mercury and a pound and a half of dynamite, which is sufficient to blow up the largest block of buildings in the world."

GOOD FOR MARYLAND.—The State Insurance Commissioner of Maryland, Jesse K. Hines, is determined to stop the speculative insurance business in that State, and has sent formal notices to the speculative insurance companies doing business to the effect that hereafter no parties issuing or causing to be issued policies of insurance on persons for speculative purposes will be indicted. He says he intends to devote all the energies of his department in stamping out the abuse, and would pay special attention to the agents of the various Pennsylvania companies doing business in Maryland. It is evident that the Commissioner will make it decidedly warm for the parties concerned, as he is by law granted unusual powers in connection with insurance companies.

POPE LEO'S Encyclical Letter, issued on the 20th of June, two days *before* the shooting of President Garfield, treats of recent attempts on the lives of sovereigns and declares any man peculiarly and atrociously guilty who will take the life of the chief ruler of a nation. The Pope declares that the precepts of Christ are eminently fitted to comprise both those who obey and those who command and to produce between the two sections of the community that unity of purpose which engenders public tranquillity. And yet, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, there are people who will take this encyclical as another evidence why foreigners should be disfranchised and Catholics exterminated.

DRUGGISTS PRAISE THEM.—"We always recommend Malt Bitters."

"A perfect food medicine."

"Best nourishing agent we know of."

"Women and children take Malt Bitters."

"Overcome nervousness and sleeplessness."

"Not a vile rum bitters."

"A perfect renovator of exhausted nature."

"Most successful medicine in the world."

SEVERAL prominent medical men have lately discovered that rocking the baby is almost certain to make the child weak brained. All the medical clique making this assertion were rocked to sleep in their baby days, and the fact that it weakened their brains is plainly apparent.

AT the faintest pain PERUNA should be thought of. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A Chester county man has thirty-one acres of tomatoes, all doing well.

—There was no Catholic on the revision committee. Cardinal Newman declined.

—A heavy snow storm, lasting three minutes, occurred at Nittanny, Centre county, on Thursday.

—Hay is so abundant in Centre county that farmers are offering it as low as four dollars per ton.

—Guess Grant has been fooling with a toy pistol and got the lock-jaw. Nothing was ever made in vain.

—Ten persons in all have died up to latest accounts from injuries received at the Peoria (Ill.) distillery explosion.

—Mrs. Van Vorst was killed by lightning at Carbondale, Pa., on Friday, and four other persons were seriously injured.

—Apples will be a drug in the northern counties, where the orchards are literally full to overloading the trees.

—Near Wellsville, N. Y., in a quarry twenty-six feet below the surface were found two young hickory trees, petrified.

—Wm. Hallock, of Pittsburg, has sued his wife for assault and battery because she knocked him down and thrashed him soundly.

—An Ohio woman owed her hired man $320. She married him to square the account and then for $60 got a divorce, thus saving $260.

—Alonzo Dock's house at Muir, Michigan, was burned on Monday morning. Three of his children and two other boys perished in the flames.

—Dan Rice's second wife is a suitor for a divorce from him on the charge of desertion. This is the way, too, that he came to have his second wife.

—Eighty thousand acres of Arkansas land have been bought by the Catholic Colonization Society. The aim is to induce Irishmen to become farmers.

—A breach of promise suit was compromised, in Indianapolis, by the defendant providing the girl with a husband of equal value with himself.

—A man named Baker stabbed and disemboweled a man named Bennett on Wednesday at Avois, Mo. Bennett died almost instantly. His murderer escaped.

—The Chief of Police of Rome has been dismissed for neglect of duty in connection with the disturbances on the occasion of the translation of the remains of Pius IX.

—Eighteen men were injured by the explosion of Woelner Bros.' distillery in Peoria, Ill., on Saturday, nine of whom have since died and three more will not live.

—A flock of 116 sheep that had huddled under a tree for shelter from a storm at Griggsville, Ill., were all killed by a single discharge of electricity from the clouds.

—A vicious little scoundrel in Faribault, Minn., the other day, exploded a fire-cracker in the ear of one of his playmates, bursting him severely and endangering his hearing.

—A boy who discovered a land-slide on the Old Colony Railroad and ran and warned the station-master, has been given by the company a life pass on its line and all its branches.

—Before Mrs. Patton died, at Evansville, Ind., she induced her husband and her daughter by a previous union to promise to marry, and the arrangement is to be carried out.

—Two small girls, while standing at the blackboard in a school house near Canton, Pa., on Monday, were struck by lightning. One was instantly killed, the other badly hurt.

—Frank Gilbert and Merrick Rosengrants were hanged at Leadville on Friday, in the presence of about 7,000 people. Rosengrants declared his innocence, while Gilbert pleaded self-defense.

—The doctors are of the opinion that they have located the ball which so sorely wounded the President. Having hunted it down they propose to leave it severely alone for the present.

—A young man of 19 and a girl of 16, armin-arm, jumped from the seventh story of an old palace in Naples to commit suicide. The young man was killed and the young girl lit upon her feet. They were lovers.

—Mrs. Priscilla Wunder, of Emaus, Pa., sixty years of age, out of spite against her tenant, Kershonan, took a scythe on Thursday and mowed two acres of his growing corn. He will sue her for damages.

—The wife of Philip Stires, of Flemington, Clinton county, gave birth to a pair of twins a week or two ago, and had previously been the mother of two pairs of twins, one trio of triplets and three one-at-a-timers—twelve in all.

—Guiteau has been denied opportunities for conversation and has taken up writing. He is at work on an autobiography, which he expects the newspapers will print. He says he is anxious now that the President shall live.

—The Chicago *Times* puts in an eloquent appeal for Kate Shelly, the brave girl who recently saved a passenger train on the Northwestern railway from destruction at the peril of her life in giving notice to a telegraph office.

—Five children of William Lloyd, of Union county, ate apples which they picked up from among potato vines in which Paris green had been thrown. Two had died up to Wednesday, but it was hoped the others would recover.

—David Fitzgerald, a car inspector on the Pittsburg and Erie Railroad, with his residence at New Castle, is said to have gone without eating since July 12. He had a row with his wife, and swore he would starve himself to death.

—Sarah Britton, of Alfred, Me., was arrested at Rochester, N. H., on Friday, charged with murdering her child, which was found drowned in the Monsam river at Kennebunk, Me., on July 19. The child's tongue had been cut off.

—The city editor of the Williamsport *Sun and Gazette* arraigns the Lycoming commissioners with malfeasance and corruption in office, making thirteen specifications of official abuses and frauds in which two of the board had divies.

—A New Jersey drummer has plead guilty to having five living and undivorced wives, and he seeks to mitigate his crime by asserting that he loved all of them equally and attacked them impartially. But New Jersey does not permit such conduct in foreign parts.

—The Commissioners of Lycoming county, against whom Harvey S. Wells has brought wholesale charges of corruption, are all candidates for renomination and there are sixty-three other candidates in the field for the same three offices. There must be millions in it.

—Michael Callan, who has been connected with Georgetown College, District of Columbia, since 1814, celebrated the centennial anniversary of his birth on Wednesday. He was born in Ireland in 1781 and has a certificate of his birth from the church where he was christened.

—It is Bloomington, Ill., this time which is shaken with a scan. sag. While C. R. Livingston was busy making money he delighted to have his handsome wife give royal social entertainments. Now in disgrace and a divorce suit he mourns that she found pleasure in other men.

—A negro boy whose skin is turning white, spot after spot, has frequently been exhibited in New York. The change began several years ago and continues steadily. A little negro girl at Lafayette, Ala., has begun in the same way to turn white, and in her case the hair also is bleaching.

—A Jefferson county (Pa.) man, named Godfrey Reitz, had a stroke of apoplexy some days ago and to all appearance died. While preparations were being made for the obsequies, however, he rose up and asked to have the funeral deferred. His friends willingly complied with the request.

—The Mauch Chunk *Democrat* says that Julius Guiteau, an uncle of the assassin, started at Mauch Chunk, in 1836, the first furnace in this country where iron was smelted with Anthracite coal. A part of the ruins of the furnace stack may still be seen below the towpath, near the weigh-lock.

—Notwithstanding the many conversions to the Catholic church which have been made in England within the last few years, the whole of Great Britain does not yet return a single Catholic member to Parliament, nor is there a single Catholic Irish or Scotch representative peer in the House of Lords.

—The other night Henry Firing, of North Coventry, Chester county, came home from work about 12 o'clock and called to have the door opened. His wife arose from bed, opened the door, and as he entered fell dead. She had been suffering for a long time of malarial fever, by which she had become much prostrated.

—Mrs. Charles Snyder, of Meadville, the second wife of a man who was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for smothering the illigitimate child of his daughter, of whom the daughter swore he was the father, attempted suicide last Thursday night by taking laudanum, the alleged cause being Snyder's brutality.

—Thomas Marvin, passing himself off as a wealthy widower, married a young lady of Richmond, Va., recently; passed a forged letter of credit for $800 on the bank and went on the honeymoon, and abandened his wife at Albion, N. Y., deceiving her with a story that her mother had been killed and that she should return home.

—Jo Kist, a German team driver, of St. Louis, on Sunday week jumped from the roadway of the "Big Bridge" into the Mississippi river, the height being ninety-six feet. Over two thousand persons witnessed the leap free of charge. He had previously jumped from the upper floor of a St. Louis elevator and 126 feet from the mast of a vessel at New Orleans.

—Geo. W. Tabb, a former citizen of Jefferson county, West Virginia, and foreman of the jury that convicted John Brown, in consequence of which his family had been greatly persecuted during the war, died at Harrisonburg, Va., on Saturday last.

—A bolt of lightning struck an editor named Claude Slyter, in Greentown, Indiana, the other day, while standing at his desk writing. It stripped him of his clothes, knocked him across the room, and paralyzed him, but he got up and afterwards wrote up a full report of the occurrence. He is the Ajax of the editorial fraternity.

—The astronomers say there are now three comets visible. The latest arrival, Encke's comet, appears about two o'clock in the morning, and is visible by telescopes. It is just a little north of the pleiades. Comet C is getting brighter every morning, but is only visible by telescope. The old comet B is traveling rapidly southward.

—Bishop Scott, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is seventy-nine years of age and has been in the Episcopal office twenty-nine years. Bishop Payne, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is eighty years old, and has been in the Episcopal office thirty-five years.

—In the little village of Paretz, near Spandau, a father and mother going to work left their poor children locked up in the house. On returning at night the little ones could not be found. A long search discovered them dead in a large trunk into which they had crept in play. The lid fell, the lock sprung and they were all suffocated.

—The Right Rev. Dr. McMullen, Catholic Bishop of Davenport, Ia., arrived in that city on Saturday night. He was received by fully 8,000 of his flock and escorted to St. Margaret's church, where an address of welcome on behalf of the city was delivered by Mayor Canny, and another address on the part of the church by Mr. M. V. Gannon.

—Mrs. Maria Walrath, living ten miles north of Janesville, Wis., died on Saturday from the effects of a blow on the head with a double-barelled shotgun in the hands of Fred. Blank, a German. Mrs. Walrath was 42 years old, and leaves a husband and three children. Blank has a large family and bears a fair reputation. The trouble seems to have begun in a neighborhood quarrel.

—The daily spectacle of an old gentleman about eighty years old and as deaf as an adder, dragging himself along the double track between Yatesville and Mill Creek, has been explained to the satisfaction of the wonder-ing Scranton *Republican*. He is sent down the railroad track ostensibly to do errands by some rascals who have a ten thousand dollar policy on the old man's life.

—Hon. John C. Burch, Secretary of the Senate, who died in Washington on Thursday, was the seventh Secretary of the Senate, an office which has been held by fewer incumbents than any other under the Government. He was elected to succeed Gorham March 24, 1877. He is the second Secretary of the Senate who has died while an incumbent of the office. Asbury Dickens was the other.

—James Murphy, an eight-year-old boy at Caledonia, Minn., while out hunting the cows, came upon a deer lying in the bushes. He crept up and grasping the deer by the horns threw himself upon its back. Thus surprised, the deer sprang up and dashed away with the boy still clinging to him. He ran some eight miles, until he was completely fagged out, when the boy slid off, skipped home and related this remarkable adventure.

—A negro woman in Lynchburg was presented with twins, a boy and girl, for her two year old Fannie, but the mother out of the goods made a dress for her two-weeks-old baby. A few days ago Fanny recognized her dress on her infant sister, and at once struck the little thing on the head with all her might. The blow happened to fall on the baby's neck, and death resulted instantaneously. The child was nursing at the time.

—Two ladies recently died in Fayette county whose lives present singular coincidences. They were distant relatives, were born in the same month of the same year, and always lived within a mile of each other. They were taken sick a short time ago, and after a brief illness both died in the same hour of the same day, the funerals being professed for both, and one large concourse of friends following both to their last resting-place in the same churchyard and at the same hour.

—The lower lift of slope No. 9, operated by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, at Lansford, Pa., was discovered to be on fire on Friday afternoon. The miners escaping by cutting means of exit for fortunately provided at this mine. Next night the flames were burning fiercely, and it was thought the mine would have to be flooded, which will throw out of work more than 500 men and boys. Samuel Powell, the machinist whose disobedience of orders caused the fire, is almost insane.

—John McCombe, of East Greenwich, and Miss Belle Wells, of Pitman, his affianced, of Appoaang, R. I., were walking together on the Stonington Railroad track on Saturday evening when a "steamboat" train came up behind them. To avoid the danger they stepped hastily to the other track. Just at that moment the Newport express came sweeping around the curve from the other direction. Blinded by the dust of the first train they did not see their peril, and each was crushed into a shapeless mass.

—Two men named John and Thomas Carney were shot and killed at the Exposition grounds, Indianapolis, on Monday night, by a street car driver named Wm. H. Collier. The Carney brothers were from Cincinnati and were employed at the stables at John Newark's livery stable. They were intoxicated and quarrelled with the driver. It is claimed by him they were attempting to rob him when he drew a pistol and shot both. After the shooting Collier drove his car back to the end of the road and gave himself up.

—A special from Fogelsville, Lehigh county, Pa., arraigns the Lycoming commissioners with malfeasance and corruption in office, making thirteen specifications of official abuses and frauds in which two of the board had divies.

—A row in Chicago last Monday night was of considerable importance. It originated in a quarrel between Tom Cahill, a sewer worker, 20 years old, who fired a shot at a boy named Christ. Dixon, who had teased him. Dixon complained to Policeman Ray who was prevented by Tom's mother and brother from arresting Cahil. Ray summoned the police wagon and several officers tried to enter the house, which in the meantime had been barricaded. The door was finally forced open, when Tom Cahill fired a ball into the breast of officer O'Brien, just above the heart, inflicting a wound that is probably mortal. He also shot Officer Ray, in the head, but not fatally. During the melee Tom received a wound in the body, the ball passing through the liver and inflicting a wound that will prove fatal. The arrests were finally made and the bloody pistol which had been reloaded was found hidden in a bed-tick.

—George W. Nelson, a land-broker; D. L. South, a stock-broker, and a man named Miller, were arrested in Pittsburg on Friday for negotiating nearly $6,000 worth of stolen bonds, the property of Wm. Connors, of Catfish, Clarion county, this State. Connors, an aged farmer, supposed to be wealthy, was found one morning in March last together with his wife bound and gagged. During the night half a dozen masked men had entered the house and after threatening death and torturing the old people by burning, procured from them the keys and stole from the safe $76,000, of which $6,000 were railroad and bridge bonds. On Friday last Nelson negotiated the sale of the bonds, which were purchased for the Citizens' National Bank. Nelson claims to have been acting for Miller. South has been released, it having been shown that the only part he had in the transaction was in selling the bonds. Miller says his home is in Cleveland. That his person was a money order payable to Thomas Roland, of Cleveland. It is believed that the robbery was committed by parties from some of the lake cities, and that Miller was sent to Pittsburgh to negotiate the bonds.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY DROWNED.—Mr. H. W. Lawrence, wife, babe and a daughter aged about 16 years, were all drowned near a place called Surrounded Hill, in Arkansas, on last Friday. It seems that the unfortunate family was driving in a carriage to visit some friends at the above place, and reaching a small bayou the mother and daughter, the former with the infant in her arms, got out of the carriage while Mr. Lawrence led the horses on to the ferry boat—a small flat boat. The ladies then stepped aboard and the craft was pushed into the stream. When midway the horses became frightened and began rearing and backing. In their struggles they crowded the mother, baby and daughter into the stream and finally ended in backing the carriage and themselves overboard into the midst of the struggling unfortunates in the water. Lawrence, made frantic by the accident, jumped overboard and attempted to rescue his wife and children, but without avail. The horses, carriage and the victims were mixed in an inextricable mass and all went down together. The bayou was subsequently dragged and the bodies of the unfortunate victims were recovered.

SHOT TO PIECES.—Bainbridge, Ga. is excited over a horrible murder, to which no satisfactory clue can be found. Mrs. Martha A. Brockett retired on Thursday night in her peaceful home, which two hours later was alarmed by a terrific report of gunshots. Her sister rushed in from an adjoining room and heard the poor woman say, "I am shot to pieces." Her bed was near an open window, and the assassins had put their guns within a few feet of her body and fired, and she was riddled with buckshot, two of which grazed the face of a little child sleeping on the other side. Next morning the tracks of two men in their stocking feet were traced out into the road and there lost.

No more dastardly murder ever blackened the criminal annals of Georgia. Mrs. Brockett was a peaceable woman, who rented a little farm to tenants on shares, and the only persons suspected of ill-feeling toward her are some men in the county against whom she appeared as a witness in a trial a year ago. No other evidence to connect them with the murder, but they will probably be arrested.

A FEW days ago a boy aged about six, son of Mr. Henry Barnes, living on the Broad Ridge, was sent on an errand to a neighbor's house. He stayed so long that search for him was instituted, when he was found hanging to the limb of a large pine tree, about twenty feet from the ground. When asked to descend he declared that he could not, and the man who climbed the tree for him found great difficulty in breaking his hold. He could not account for being in the tree; the only solution he could give was that something cold seemed to seize him around the waist, and the next thing he knew was that he was up in the tree. Physicians have examined the place say that the boy's tracks could not be found nearer than twenty feet of the tree, while the last tracks seemed to have been made by skipping or bounding. The boy has been to town and has been examined, but the above was all that could be decided. Was it an eagle or a bear, or what was it?—*Cumberton (N. C.) Tobacconian.*

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—To wait until you are down on your bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptoms by using Parker's Ginger Tonic. It costs only a trifle, can never do any harm, and possesses curative properties in the highest degree. We have known the patient, sickliest looking men, women and children become the poisest and healthiest, from the timely use of this pure family medicine. See advertisement in another column.—*Observer.* For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg. [27-22:-3m.]

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.—The Yorktown celebration begins under the auspices of the Centennial Association on the 13th of October and continues until the 18th, when the national ceremonies begin. Congressman Goode, President of the Association, will deliver the opening address, and on alternate days addresses will be delivered by Secretary of the Treasury, Carl Schurz, and Frederick R. Coudert and Prof. Charlier, of New York. Religious services will be conducted on Sunday, the 16th, in the morning by Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, Catholic Bishop of Richmond, assisted by most Rev. Jas. Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and primate of the Catholic Church of the United States, and in the evening by Rev. John Hall, of New York. The festivies will embrace pyrotecnic displays, concerts and a national regretta on the 16th. The Moor House, the scene of the capitulation, will be used for the reception of visitors. One room will be reserved for the exhibition of revolutionary relics.

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he fee is miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a bottle of Hop Bitters. See another column.—*Albany Times.* M. L. Oakman is the authorized a gent in Ebensburg for the sale of Hop Bitters.

THE INEVITABLE RESULT.—The Bloomsburg *Republican* says, that in Snyder county, where the speculative craze first took possession of the minds of the people in Central Pennsylvania, we begin to hear the outcroppings of dissatisfaction. Assessments are becoming so frequent that many policyholders are unable to pay them. The officers and agents are receiving the curses of the insured for their deception, and the retribution which we predicted as the lot of all who are engaged in the disgusting practice is being visited upon them in spirit. Many who fancied themselves to be millionaires in the near future are despised by the people of the community in which they reside, and lament that they ever sacrificed their manhood to their greed for wealth.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use according ly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

AT 4 o'clock Friday morning the work of changing the gauge of the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans railroad (Jackson route) from five feet to the standard gauge of four feet eight and a-half inches was commenced. The entire line from New Orleans to Cairo, a distance of five hundred and fifty miles, exclusive of sidings, together with Kosciusko branch of twenty-one miles was completed, and trains were running in all directions at 3 p. m. the same pay. To complete this herculean task a force of over three thousand men were employed, being distributed along the line. This is the greatest feat yet accomplished in gauge changing.

A THOROUGH and safe remedy is Dr. METTAUER'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. [1-27.-1m]

An Apparition of the Blessed Virgin.

A FASTING BLIND GIRL SEES A VISION, PREDICTS ITS REAPPEARANCE AND EXHIBITS IT TO MANY PERSONS.

A special despatch to the New York *World*, dated Philadelphia, July 31, tells the following remarkable story:

For about five weeks past Mary Dunn, the eighteen-year-old daughter of A. J. Dunn, of No. 4,026 Market street, has been confined to her bed. Mr. Dunn says his daughter has been blind for over twelve years, her blindness being caused by scarlet fever. Since that time until five weeks ago she has to all appearances been in perfect health. When taken sick she informed her parents that she was going to die and that earthly medicine would not do her any good. She was seized with nervous spasms. In order to quiet her the Doctor administered both ether and chloroform, but neither had the least effect upon her, and it was only when her father recited prayers that she was quieted. Shortly after being taken sick she told her parents that she was going to sleep and would not wake up for several days. She slept for a whole week, only waking up once to ask for a drink of water and apparently falling asleep again almost immediately. She has eaten no food of a substantial kind since she has been sick. "The Blessed Mother," as she calls the Virgin, has been one of the special objects of the child's adoration. About five weeks ago she surprised her parents by telling them that she had a vision of the Virgin, and pointed out upon the wall where it had appeared to her. She said the apparition was surrounded by a flood of light. The parents endeavored to convince their child that she was mistaken, but she persisted in asserting the reality of what she had seen early that morning. "Something tells me that it will come again," She then mentioned the night when it would appear and the hour. She also requested that an altar be erected against the wall and provided with blessed candles. This was done. On the appointed night many of the neighbors were present in the bedroom. As it approached the hour she approached all kneel and "recite the litany of the Blessed Virgin." Towards the end she asked that the candles be lit on the altar, the rest of the room being left in darkness as directed. Precisely at midnight and as the last "Pray for us" died away a faint halo shone on the wall. In a moment it took shape, and before the eyes of the young women and children present came the form of a women clad in white and holding her hands together before her. While the others, on their knees with bent heads and palpitating hearts, hardly dared raise their eyes, the girl with joy breathed a fervent prayer and, opening her eyes wide, she pointed to the spot on the wall where the apparition appeared. Numbers of intelligent Catholics in West Philadelphia are reported to have seen the strange sight. It has occurred twice since, Miss Dunn always mentioning beforehand the night on which it would appear. Mrs. Jane McLaughlin, 4,154 Ludlow street, and son both saw the figure and minutely described it. The room was filled and all it seemed was as except one lady. Mr. McCloskey, next door to the Dunns, and Mrs. Buckley, of Fortieth street and Powelton avenue, also saw it.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUG. 5, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For nervous diseases take PERUNA.

—Hay from the field is selling in Johnstown at eight dollars per ton.

—Johnstown is putting on airs. It has a South Side now, *a la* Pittsburg.

—A bush-meeting is to be held in a grove near Portage to-morrow (Saturday) night.

—The only kind of cremation that finds favor with the fair sex is—ice cream-ation.

—Hot, comparatively speaking, as the place roiled out by the late revision, and still a hot-ter.

—Mr. Elbridge Stiles, a former well-known citizen of this place, died in Missouri a week or two ago.

—Mr. Jeff. Rowland, of Cambria township, has lately erected a new barn which is at once large and commodious.

—The new wind mill at the county almshouse does many a good turn for the inmates and outmates of that institution.

—Mr. Joel Simmons, Sr., of Jackson township, died on Wednesday of last week at the patriarchal age of 90 years, 9 months and 21 days.

—Mr. John Collins, of "Frog Hollow" Taylor township, died very suddenly of cholera morbus on Saturday last, aged about 29 years.

—Two children of Mr. Patrick Scanlon, of Prospect borough, this county, died within a week's time—the last one on Thursday, Diphtheria.

—The Congregationalists of this place have under consideration the advisability of evertopping their church edifice with a suitable steeple.

—Rev. A. McElwain, of West Philadelphia, formerly of this place, preached in the Third Presbyterian church, Allegheny City, last Sunday.

—When you want to buy a feed and fodder cutter, you can get the best and cheapest from V. S. Barker & Bro., who have two sizes to select from.

—"Summer" like one thousand is the estimate made of the number of summer sojourners in and around Cresson and this place at present writing.

—Dr. S. S. Christy, formerly of this place, is now practicing his profession at Bradford. He advertises himself as the "pioneer physician of the oil regions."

—The trout-fishing season for this year closed last Saturday. Henceforward the attention of anglers in this locality must be directed toward black bass and catfish.

—And now comes the Altoona *Sunday Morning* with an item credited to the *Daily Sun* which first appeared in the FREEMAN three weeks ago. So much for the credit system.

—If you buy a leather fly-net you will bring comfort to your horses, and less trouble to yourself. Leave your order at Barkers' for one or more of these very useful contrivances.

—Mr. George Saunders, of this place, would like to be appointed barber for the Fifth regiment during the continuance of its encampment at Saltsburg. He would give satisfaction.

—The elegant residence of Dr. Wm. Lemmon, on High street, was the scene on Wednesday evening of a very pleasant gathering, in which the youth and beauty of our town were largely represented.

—From some inadvertence we failed until now to note the death of Mr. Frederick Yingling, a famous hunter of north-eastern Cambria, which occurred at his home in Dean township several days ago.

—County Superintendent Strayer and family will shortly take up their residence in our midst, in a portion of the house occupied by Mrs. Freidhoff, on High street. They will certainly be welcome.

—Ayer's Pills contain no croton oil, calomel or mineral. They are compounded of pure vegetable extracts, which have positive virtues and always cure, where cures are possible. Sold at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—The Bedford county Democrats appreciate their young men. Humphrey D. Tate has been renominated for Prothonotary without opposition; John M. Reynolds is named for Judge and Edw. F. Kerr for State Treasurer.

—The "boss" cigars for the money—two for five cents—have just been received at James' new drug store. Buy them, try them, and we are sure you will always get high them—when you want to invest in a delightful smoke.

—Prothonotary Gates returned home on Monday last from Erie, where for a term of three weeks he had been serving Uncle Sam in the capacity of traverse juror in the U. S. District Court at the princely salary of two dollars per day.

—A dispatch received here Tuesday by Sheriff Griffith saying that a valuable horse had been stolen the night previous from the premises of Lewis Heitzenater, of Covode, Indiana county, and offering a reward for the recovery of the animal.

—On last Monday morning a lot of earth in a mine at Ore Hill, Blair county, fell on a man named William Dick, who was at work "propping out," and killed him instantly. Deceased leaves a wife and several children to mourn his sudden and shocking death.

—Forced by my political connections into public life, my sufferings were intensified by the comments of those who saw my face and head covered with scrofulous humor" said a gentleman recently cured by Cuticura Remedies. Sold at the new drug store.

—I have suffered beyond endurance." he has been a burden to me." "I have lost the pleasures of society." Extracts from testimonials of those cured of skin and scrofulous humors by the Cuticura Remedies. [8-5.-1m.]

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will restore you, but go at once to E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

—While driving in a buggy near Utahville, Garfield county, last Friday, Mrs. M. A. Mccoy, wife of John McCoy, was thrown violently to the ground by the running off of the horse and so badly injured that she died next day. Her age was about 50 years.

—Why an object of loathing and disgust to yourself and society from catarrh, when Sanford's Radical Cure, externally and internally administered, will cure every symptom of the disease? Every package is a complete treatment. Only $1. At the new drug store.

—Daniel Seigh, foreman in the C. I. shop, Johnstown, had the bone of his elbow and wrist somewhat shattered on Monday afternoon by having his arm caught and jerked against a leather belt he was trying to adjust on one of the pulleys.

—Westown has a street called Pound "Cooney" lives on it—that is on Cake—if the big feast served up to the members of the Executive Committee of V. F. P. A., on a certain memorable but not long since is a good creterion to go by.

—The two barber-shops of this place owned by George Washington and H. F. Shafer have been consolidated, the latter becoming a partner and the "father of his country" retiring to the shades of private life. The business will be continued in Mr. Shaffer's rooms, opposite the Mountain House.

—Rapid riding and driving in the streets of Carrolltown netted several dollars to the borough treasury last week, no less than four persons having been found and fined for indulging in that reprehensible practice.

—The current issue of the Johnstown *Democrat* contains a list of twenty four deaths all of which occurred in or near that place within a period of less than one week, or from July 25th to July 31st. The ages of the decedents range from ten months to over ninety years.

—Mr. George Gurley is the first candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket this year who has pulled his pocket-book in our presence for the purpose of paying for publishing his card and printing tickets for the primary election. But we rejoice to feel that he won't be the last one.

—There are not a few readers of the FREEMAN who will be glad to learn, for his sake, if not their own, that James O'Friel, a former well known resident of Hollidaysburg, is still in the flesh, and that he is or was this week doing the old town and shaking hands with his old chums.

—It is expected that the brick work on the new Court House will be completed by the middle of the present month. Everything is progressing as rapidly and satisfactorily as could be hoped for, the weather for several weeks past having proved particularly auspicious for out-door work.

—Joseph Keating was struck and hurled into the air by the engine of a freight train at Johnstown on Monday evening of last week, and not only had nearly all his clothes torn from his person, but falling head foremost on the hard ballast was badly cut and bruised.

—Two houses owned by Mr David Moses, one at Latrobe and the other at Hillside, were both struck by lightning last week. Neither building was very badly injured, but one of the family was thrown over a stove and a prop knocked from under the Latrobe house and a child killed in the other.

—Love & Husband's planing mill, engine house, a large quantity of finished lumber, at Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, were totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night last, causing a loss estimated at $30,000. The fire originated in the engine house. Love & Husband—how suggestive of a consuming flame!

—Rev. McClain, of Steubenville, O., preached for the Presbyterians of this place on Sunday forenoon, and Rev. McCracken, Chancellor of the Pennsylvania University, Pittsburgh, a venerable looking gentleman, did likewise in the evening, the scene of the service being the Welsh Baptist church on Horner street.

—As the crop of apples seems to be pretty large this year, a good many farmers will want to buy a cider mill. V. S. Barker & Bro. will sell the best mill in America—one that is warranted to make more cider from the same amount of apples than any other mill in existence. Leave your order early if you want one this Fall.

—For the delicate and complicated difficulties peculiar to the female constitution, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound is the sovereign remedy. It aims at the cause, and produces lasting results. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for Pamphlets, or go to the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—Two coal miners named Mullen and Maxwell were seriously injured about their heads and breasts in one of Piper & Co.'s mines at Benscreek, this county, on Saturday last, by the falling in on them of a quantity of rock and slate. Maxwell was also injured internally and his recovery is therefore considered doubtful.

—A Swede miner in the employ of the Moshannon Coal Company, near Osceola, Clearfield county, was instantly killed on Friday morning last by an empty coal car, which broke loose near the top of an inclined plane and running down the grade with fearful velocity struck and killed the unfortunate man, as already stated.

—Our worthy young friend Dayton Jones, of Zanesville, Ohio, is circulating among his numerous relatives and friends in this "neck of timber," where he was born and brought up. He reports all at home as being in the enjoyment of good health and otherwise doing well. May it be ever thus with our much esteemed and deserving friends.

—Mr. Jere. Flanngan, of Prospect boro', whose sudden death is noted elsewhere, was a member of St. John's Total Abstinence Society, Johnstown, and a very worthy citizen in every respect. His funeral on Tuesday was, says the *Tribune*, the largest that has passed along the streets of Johnstown for years. May his soul rest in peace.

—While wheeling brick up an inclined plane at the new Court House, Monday last, Mr. John Kemler, missed his footing and fell a distance of five or six feet. The wheelbarrow and brick followed, and, finding lodgment on his person, pretty badly bruised him. He has found it necessary to carry one of his arms in a sling ever since.

—Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing, our own "little Cyrus," who in all the walks of life, and especially as one of Judges of the Schuylkill county Courts, has made a record for himself of which he has a right to be proud, is or was the early part of this week, indulging in a brief visit to his old home and his many relatives and friends in and about Johnstown.

—And now comes Joseph Barr, of Gaysport, Blair county, who, being duly credited if not sworn, doth depose and say that without the aid of a vision or trance of any kind he, the aforesaid Joseph Barr, fully one month previous to the commission of the terrible crime, did predict and make known the fact that the assassination, or attempted assassination of President Garfield would come to pass in manner and form as now stands recorded. And further deponent saith not. Witness—Squire Jones, Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune*.

—Under the head of "A Dream Extraordinary" the Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* tells of a man over there who found his hen's nest down a box which had been used as a place of deposit for the last three months by a trio of dunghill hens, one of which he very minutely describes as a sprucy, another as a creepy, and the third as a domineck. The hens aforesaid certainly shelled out well, but ain't it a fowl aspersion on their "hen-terprising" habits to speak of their efforts as "a dream extraordinary" when it's only "a lay eggstraordinary"?

—A two-horse team ran away with Squire Fiske, of White township, the other day. He was engaged at the time in the laudable attempt of conveying the U. S. mail from Fiske P. O. to Gladdy, when the horses concluded to go on a picnic. The Squire and two passengers, both ladies, were dumped out, but were not much hurt. This seems to be a bad season for runaway horses, but more particularly for our friend the Squire. It is not many weeks since he and a passenger narrowly escaped drowning by the misbehavior of a horse while attempting to ford a stream which was swolen by heavy rains.

—Blacklick township was visited by a hailstorm on Tuesday evening of last week which knocked the bark off a number of trees and knocked the stuffening out of a good deal of the growing wheat, corn, garden "sass" and "sich," as well as window-panes, etc. Messers Wilson, two brothers who operate a farm out there conjointly, were the heaviest sufferers, much of their growing crops having been literally cut to pieces. Another storm of similar import visited the same locality on Friday evening, but as the hailstones were much smaller and the occasion, it may be, an unpropitious one, the damage done was comparatively slight.

—To our town, without doubt, on the coming Monday will ride Capt. Jones, from Tyrone all the way, and immediately—behind him, in martial array, will come his bold troopers, bent on a stay over night in our village, where we trust that they may a warm welcome find—as they will, we dare say—for sneh they deserve, being gallant and gay, and of the stuff that seek pleasure, though they fear not the fray. The Captain so bold, we may add, by the way, is Jones, of the *Herald*, one of the papers which pay, and is published at Tyrone, about forty miles away, from our town, which on the coming occasion will grove wild with the music and martial display.

—As nearly all farmers feed chop to their horses and cattle during the Fall and Winter, and as they all know how much time it takes going to mill, we can tell them how to save both time and money. It is simply to buy from V. S. Barker & Bro. a "Young American Corn and Cob Mill," with which they can chop their own feed. One mill will chop for a whole neighborhood. Call at Barkers' and see one in operation.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* thus "boosts" an item which went the rounds of the local prints: "The Swedish miner of Houtzdale, mentioned in several of our exchanges as having been attacked by rattlesnakes, after getting into a den of reptiles, while out picking huckelberries, was not totally eaten up by the ferocious monsters, as reported. His boots were found next day, and, with some repairing, will stand another racket."

—On Monday of last week a man named Wilhelm was run over by the cars in Conemaugh borough and had both feet badly cut and bruised. Being without money, he was taken in charge by Director Easly and located in the county almshouse. Subsequently, mortification of one of the feet set in, and on Tuesday of this week the member was amputated at the ankle-joint by Dr. A. Griffith. It is thought the other foot will be saved.

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* charges the FREEMAN with the grave offence of detaching five rattles from the big snake recently killed on Brush mountain, near that place. Sorry we did it, but if our friend will send us the remains of the reptile we'll do our utmost to repair damages. So *rattle* its bones over the stones, ye local scribe whose surname is Jones, and we'll remove if we can all cause for your moans.

—We learn from the superintendent of the brickyard in this place, Mr. John W. Roberts, that he commenced burning the second kiln made this summer, containing 300,000 bricks, on last Friday evening. This, together with 230,000 contained in the first kiln made this summer, and the large kiln burned last year, will be enough to complete the inside walls of the new Court House, and also to build all the inside walls of the new Presbyterian church.

—The first intimation we received direct from J. A. Kennedy, Esq., of this place, that he is an aspirant for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket came yesterday in an order to print tickets for him to be used at the primary election. We don't suppose that everybody will vote for Mr. Kennedy, but those who do may rest assured that they are supporting an honest, competent and courteous gentleman who has never yet faltered in his advocacy of Democratic principles.

—Here is a happy thought: All, or nearly all, the horses stolen in Westmoreland and Indiana counties are run to market by way of a defined blind road which traverses the extreme northwestern limits of this county. Now, if there were a line of telegraph or a telephone from Ebensburg to Cherrytree, thus putting that section in instantaneous communication with all parts of the State, the chances for the escape of the thieves with their booty would be materially lessened. Respectfully submitted.

—An effort is being made by a number of his friends to induce Joseph Hogue, Esq., of Allegheny township, to permit himself to be voted for at the coming Democratic primary election for the office of County Commissioner, and should it prove successful there is no aspirant for the position who will not freely admit that they have met a foeman worthy of their steel. A fitter man than Mr. Hogue for any place of trust it would be impossible to find. Others there are just as worthy—none there are more deserving.

—There is a very earnest demand for a return of the old schedule which for four years previous to the first of last month controlled the carrying of the mails between Cresson and St. Augustine and parts beyond, and now that the matter has been called to the attention of Congressman Campbell, there is good reason to believe that there will be a speedy return to first principles, which means that the mail will leave Cresson, as it should, about four hours later than it does now

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the indorsement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

—Mr. Jerry Flanagan, aged about 60 years, as we learn from the Johnstown *Tribune*, fell dead in Tyrone, on the corner, on last Sunday evening, while attending the "wake" of a deceased relative named John Collins. Only a few minutes before the dread summons came his wife had left the "wake" house for the purpose of returning home, he assuring her that he would not remain long behind her. Heart disease, which has to bear the blame in most cases of the kind, is thot to have been the cause of his sudden and unexpected death.

—A handsome twin monument, that is a monument with two shafts rising from one base, has just been completed by Messrs. Wilkinson & Everly, of this place, and will be shipped to Hollidaysburg in a few days to be erected over the remains of the late Thomas Buchanan and wife, in the Presbyterian cemetery. It is an elegant piece of work which not only excites admiration of all beholders, but reflects great credit on the artistic skill of the manufacturers, who have few equals and never if any superiors in their line of business.

—Dr. George Kurtz, of Punxsutawney Jefferson county, died last Friday, aged about 86 years. He was well known in his own and adjacent counties as a medical practitioner of much skill, and several persons from this immediate neighborhood underwent medical treatment at his hands. Indeed, so late as the present week one of our own citizens, suffering from a peculiar ailment, essayed the trip to Punxsutawney to consult the Doctor in regard to his case, but was met en route and turned back by the news of the death of the venerable gentleman.

—And now comes Joseph Barr, of Gaysport, Blair county, who, being duly credited if not sworn, doth depose and say that without the aid of a vision or trance of any kind he, the aforesaid Joseph Barr, fully one month previous to the commission of the terrible crime, did predict and make known the fact that the assassination, or attempted assassination of President Garfield would come to pass in manner and form as now stands recorded. And further deponent saith not. Witness—Squire Jones, Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune*.

—A petition will be presented to Court next September session for the vacating of that portion of Centre street which lies north of the bend of the plank road, a short distance above the residences of Gen. Joseph McDonald and Tom McNamara. The Messrs. Barker own property on either side of the street, and in case of the granting of the petition, would proceed to annex the vacated strip to their present possessions. Though the part of the street spoken of is practically useless for vehicles it is yet extensively patronized by promenaders, both human and bovine, and a strong protest against the proposed vacation will therefore be handed up.

—Five men were arrested at West Newton, Westmoreland county, day before yesterday, on suspicion of having been concerned in the brutal murder near that place on last Tuesday evening of a man named McClure, the senior member of a firm at McKeesport whose store was robbed the night previous and who was in pursuit of the burglars when he was shot down like a dog. Two of the parties arrested, Heenan and John Lightner, were employed almost from childhood and up until four or five years ago by the Cambria Iron Company, Johnstown, and another of the gang, who seems to have been short of a name and was simply known as "Shorty" to everybody who did know him, was also employed for a time by the same Company, having found his way from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown several years ago.

—James McGraw, the colored man who on the 13th of June last, as noted in these columns at the time, so shockingly maltreated a countryman in Altoona named Frederick Swanger that he died soon after, was tried in the Blair county Court this week, found guilty Wednesday forenoon of murder in the second degree, and sentenced the same day to pay the costs of suit and undergo an imprisonment of ten years in the Western Penitentiary. John J. Pickle, the horse-thief, whose exploits and conviction are already known to our readers, was sentenced at the same time to pay a fine of $100, costs of suit, and go the penitentiary for five years; Grant Singizer, burglary, $100 fine, costs, and three years in penitentiary; Thomas Engle, burglary, and Wm. Keller, larceny, $20 and $50 fine, respectively, costs, and two years each in penitentiary; Judy Hammers, burglary, and Stett Conroy, attempted rape, each $100 fine, costs, and one year in the penitentiary; Annie Gardner, concealing birth of child, $50 fine, costs, and one year less one day in county jail; Wm. Ziegler, adultery, $20 fine, costs, and six months in jail; Sadie Lightner, same offence, $20 fine, costs, and three months in jail.

BOUND FOR CAMP.—Co. A, 5th regiment, N. G. P., of this place, will leave for the encampment near Saltsburg, Indiana county, next Wednesday morning, per rail—not fence-rail. Drilling has of late been going on quite actively, each evening, with the intention of maintaining for this occasion the high degree of efficiency which has heretofore distinguished Co. A. For the credit of the organization it is hoped its maximum strength will be put forth, and in this connection the subjoined extract from General Orders No. 4, issued by Brigadier General Beaver, is of importance:

II. By the provisions of paragraph III, General Orders No. 12. Adjutant General's Office, it will be seen that the law requiring the attendance of all members of the National Guard at the coming encampment will be rigidly enforced. Excuses for non-attendance can only be granted by the Brigade Commander, and will be allowed only for such reasons as would prevail in actual service. Those of absolute inability to attend will be considered *after* the arrival of the brigade in camp, but not sooner. It will, therefore, be useless to apply for excuses before the day of assemblage on account of illness of the soldier, or of serious illness in his family, will be strictly investigated, and attempts at imposition, if any, will be severely punished.

ABBOT WIMMER'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.—At St. Vincent's Abbey, near Latrobe, there was celebrated on Monday last, the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration to the priesthood of Right Rev. Bonniface Wimmer, Mitred Abbot and head of the Benedictine Order of Monks in the United States. Quite a number of Bishops of the Catholic Church, the Priors of ten Benedictine Monasteries in the country, and a large number of priests and laymen, aggregating in all over forty dignitaries, were at the Abbey. Three Bishops, three Apostolic Prefects, 170 Monks and 150 Lay Brothers belong to the Order of Benedictines in the United States, and next to the Ecumenics, it is the wealthiest order in the Union. Abbot Wimmer came to this country in 1846. He has received a number of elegant presents, among them being one from Prince Radziwill, which is very valuable. The venerable Abbot is a most learned man, and is of striking appearance. He is beloved by those of all creeds who have ever met him.

MR. MARTIN SCHWAB, of Loretto, came to town on Tuesday last and in the evening concluded to give the horse he drove a little spurt along Julian street. The result was disastrous, for the buggy hit some obstruction and he was pitched headlong to the ground. The injuries he received not proving serious, he resumed the next morning to put into execution a plan he had conceived of trying the experiment over again on the same course with the same horse. Mr. Vallie Luttringer accompanied him on this occasion. The wind-up was that the horse ran away again, demolishing the buggy, and throwing out the occupants. This time Mr. Schwab did not get off so easily, but was a dead weight in the arms of those who carried him to the residence of his brother in-law, Mr. Lang, for repairs. He was found to be severely though not dangerously cut, scratched and bruised. As to Mr. Luttringer, he emerged from the wreck with a wound an inch long on the top of his head.

KILLED BY THE CARS.—The Huntingdon *Local News* of Monday says: A young man named James Carr was killed this morning at the coal wharf in this place. It is supposed he had been riding on top of an eastward bound freight train, and was struck by the coal shute at the wharf, which knocked him against a cabin car standing on the side track, battering out his brains and causing instant death. His body was taken to the morgue. He was aged about 25 years, and papers in his possession showed that he had been employed with Coup's Circus. He left Philadelphia with the circus April 8th, and was with it until it arrived at St. Louis, June 7th. He was on his way to Philadelphia, where his brother resides at 1509 North Front street. His father lives in Worcester, Mass. A Catholic prayer book, diary, letters, and about 75 cents, were also found in his pockets. A telegram was sent to his brother, inquiring what to do with his body.

HAY FEVER.—Mr. A. L. Avery, Pharmacist, Newark, N. J.: Having been severely afflicted for several years with Hay Fever, after trying almost everthing without avail, I gave up all hopes of being cured, when I purchased of you a box of Ely's Cream Balm. To my surprise after a few applications, I was entirely relieved. R. Watson Harris, Letter Carrier No. 14 New P. O., Newark, N. J.

MESSRS. WHITE & BURDICK, Druggists, Ithaca, N. Y.—I reccommend to those suffering (as I have been) with Hay Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. Have tried nearly all the remedies I could find, and give this a decided preference over them all. It has given me immediate relief. C. E. SHEPHERD, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y. Sep. 6, 1880. Price, 50 cents. Sold at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

IMPROVEMENT FOR MIND AND BODY.—For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success. Invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns. *Commercial.* [7-22.-1m.]

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remidies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.—*Press.* Sold at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

THE only absolute specific we know of for sneezing, snuffling and choking catarrh or hens colds is Sanford's Radical Cure, which for the small sum of $1 affords instant relief and invariably cures.—*Medical Times.* [1m.]

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [5-18.-10m.]

MERCHANTS who suffer from Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or Billiousness can be cured by using DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [7-28.-1m.]

TERT sat and looked at the comet
And the wonderful tail that grew from it:
His hand struck a pin
Where it shouldn't have been—
As she slid from his knees he said domit.

The author of the foregoing offers a liberal reward for a translation of that last word; while Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, is willing to pay a biz sum for the discovery of a more complete clothing store in Pennsylvania than the one he bosses. He holds that he has on his shelves more goods, and cheaper goods than any other dealer, and his multitude of customers without exception endorse his claim. Persons living in the north of the county are cordially invited to give him a call, but if unable to do so, an order sent by mail will receive careful attention. One thing is to be particularly noted: If the goods are not as represented, the money will be refunded.

TERENE was an old maiden of Rome
Who very much wanted a humor;
So she asked her friend Harry
If her he would marry;
He blushed and said solemnly, 'No'm!'

From this answer it is not to be inferred that Harry was ungallant. On the contrary, the probabilities are that he was not just then prepared to marry. He hadn't, in fact, the right sort of a suit of clothes for such an important occasion, but could readily have procured the necessary attire, and for very little money, at Simon & Hendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona.—Their stock, for both dress and every-day purposes, is unexcelled in quality and make, and hundreds of customers are daily rendered happy by being fitted out in style at prices which don't flatten a pocket book as though it had been struck by lightning.

Men of Eminent Ability.

Scholars and chemists, have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs, and stands preeminently without an equal for the use of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of exhausting disease, or mental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and invigorate and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

An old yellow dog in Cologne,
Rax away with an old woman's bogue;
But the wrathful old crogne,
Hit him twice with a stogne,
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

"T-o-g-n-e" is not the right way to spell *tone*. But it is an indisputable fact that all persons who lay claim to what is implied by the word tone buy their clothing from Godfrey Wolf, next door to the Postoffice, Altoona. Why this is so is found in the fact that Mr. W. deals only in goods of first-class quality, leaving to others a monopoly of the shoddy business. Then his prices are so liberal that the poor man as well as the rich finds it possible to go well clad. During the month of August some special bargains in warm weather will be afforded the readers of the FREEMAN, which, if they are wise, they will take advantage of.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning, the signal, perhaps, of the near approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption? Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. This will explain why *more than a million bottles* were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

IN Texas there lived a fair maid,
And a fellow he called her a jade;
She grabbed for a gun
He started to run,
But was neatly and instantly slayed.

The reason he was overtaken by the load of shot was possibly because his shoes didn't fit him and he couldn't make time. In this connection, we may venture to remark that the defect of a non-fit can never be attributed to the boots and shoes built at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. They are made over improved lasts, and incase the feet like a glove. A very large and fine line stock on hand just now, for both men and women, to which the attention of the public is invited. As to prices, they positively cannot be cut under in the State.

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-1,'81.-7y.]

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Allegheny township, on or about the 10th of May last, two black and white sows, one with pig; no marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; otherwise they will be disposed of as the law directs.

F. B. REININGER.
Allegheny Twp., Aug. 5, 1881.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MONACA BORTZ, dec'd.

Letters testamentary having been issued to the undersigned on the estate of Monaca Bortz, late of Allegheny township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly proven for settlement.

W. A. B. LITTLE, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., Aug. 5, 1881.-6t.

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Costiveness or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVINE AND BRAIN TREATMENT—a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. One dollar per box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when treatment is ordered direct from us. Address JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

ASSIGNEES' SALE OF REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned Assignees of GEO. O. ROBACKER will expose to sale by public auction or outcry, at the *Hotel of P. F. Kirby, in the Borough of Wilmore*, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described REAL ESTATE, divested of all liens, to wit:

A PIECE or LOT OF GROUND

situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, County of Cambria, fronting 66 feet on High street and extending back 132 feet, more or less, to an alley, adjoining lot of Mrs. Hutchinson on the east and lot of John Dougherty on the west, having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a two story FRAME STORE ROOM, and a FRAME STABLE. *Also,*

A PIECE or PARCEL OF LAND

situate in the township of Summerhill, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Mrs. Ann Keating, Joseph Miller, August Reich, and others, containing **35 Acres**, more or less. *Also,*

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in the township of Jackson, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Joseph Horan, Mary Robaugh, and others, containing **310 Acres**, more or less. This tract of land is three miles distant from Summerhill station, P. R. R., is well covered with an excellent quality of raw timber, and is supposed to be underlaid with two veins of coal. *Also,*

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in the township of Cambria, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Matthias Horan, F. A. Shoemaker, and others, containing **145 Acres**, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

JOHN SCHROATH,
Assignee of GEORGE O. ROBACKER.
Wilmore, July 28, 1881.-3t.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZABETH ECKLEY, dec'd.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Elizabeth Eckley, late of Summitville borough, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly proven for settlement.

ANNIE ECKLEY, Administratrix.
Summitville, July 28, 1881.-6t.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—DAVID SHINKLE, Cambria Twp.—We are authorized to announce that David Shinkle, of Cambria township, will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the coming Democratic primary election, and if nominated and elected pledges himself to perform the duties of the office honestly and to the best of his ability. In any event, however, he will remain true to his party and its principles.

Ebensburg, July 29, 1881.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—GEO. GURLEY, Ebensburg.—We have been authorized to announce that the above named member of the present Board of County Commissioners will be a candidate for renomination at the coming Democratic primary election, and if the nomination is conferred upon and his election follows he pledges himself to do his duty as faithfully and honestly in the future as he has endeavored to do it in the past.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MULVEHILL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Francis Mulvehill, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office above named, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [8-26.-4t.]

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—P. MORAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Moran, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [8-26.-4t.]

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $2.00 per year in advance.

Full Particulars.

On the 1st of this month our stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods at Oak Hall was seven hundred and forty-three thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars and eighty-one cents,

$743.175.81

These are the exact figures.

Where is there another such stock to select from?
The old house has been remodeled.
The old hands (most of them) are still there.
The old principles of just and right prices, sound goods, fashionable styles, substantial finish, are strictly adhered to.

John Wanamaker

Who founded the business, is at Oak Hall every day looking after things, and in all the history of Oak Hall it was

Never so wide awake

to push up its high standards and drop down to lowest prices.

☞ *An old-time greeting to our friends everywhere, and another cordial invitation extended to come to Oak Hall.*

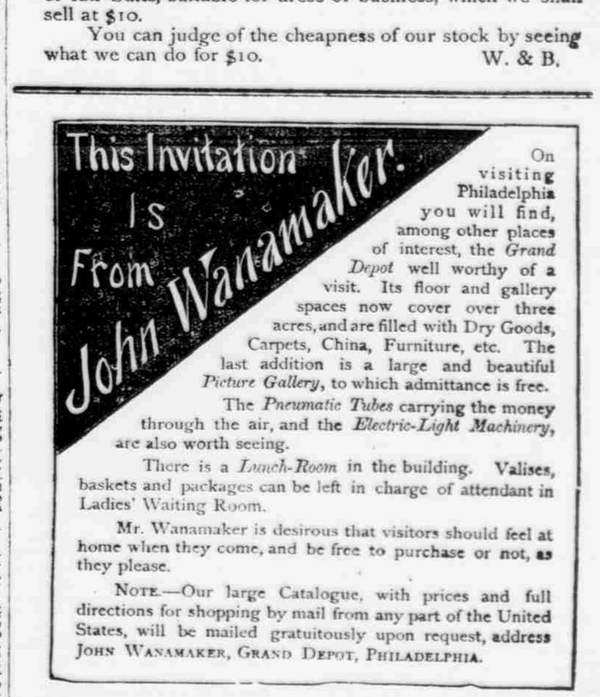
Wanamaker & Brown,
OAK HALL,
Cor. Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.
The Largest Clothing House in America.

Postscript.

The last new thing we have done is to open a **TEN DOLLAR ROOM**, where we have gathered a great lot of full Suits, suitable for dress or business, which we shall sell at $10.

You can judge of the cheapness of our stock by seeing what we can do for $10.

W. & B.



On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF TOWN PROPERTY!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned Assignees of N. J. FRIEDHOFF will expose to public auction or outcry, at the *Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg*, on

SATURDAY, 20th Day of August, 1881,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described REAL ESTATE, divested of all liens, to wit:

A PIECE or LOT OF GROUND

situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, County of Cambria, fronting 66 feet on High street and extending back 132 feet, more or less, to an alley, adjo

SOME OF THE GREAT BRIDGES.

Robert Stephenson, great engineer as he was, reported that suspension bridges would never do for steam. John A. Roebling answered with the Niagara suspension bridge, the cheapest structure and one of the best ever built for such a necessity.

In Menia strait, which divides an island from the northwestern corner of Wales, the tide rises to the height of thirty feet sometimes and generally twelve feet. The British Government erected a bridge on the great high road from England to Ireland over this strait in 1825. It is a suspension bridge built by Telford on chains, and cost $600,000 (gold) at the time. It is one hundred feet above water. Twenty years afterward George Stephenson began to build the tubular bridge three miles above spanning the same strait. It took five years and trains crossed in 1850. It was four spans, the two in the middle being 400 feet wide each, and the whole bridge is about 1,840 feet long. It is 123 feet above high water mark, and cost $3,000,000.

The Niagara suspension bridge, built by Roebling in 1852, cost only $500,000, is 800 feet long, 230 feet above the river, and its towers are about 84 feet high. The Niagara foot bridge, built in 1869, cost $175,000, and was said to be when opened, the longest suspension bridge in the world, or 1,268 feet between towers.

The Cincinnati suspension bridge, by Roebling, stands next to the East river bridge, and is 1,057 feet between towers and 2,252 between the ends; the bridge is 103 feet above low water; the towers are 230 feet high and each is taller and larger than the Bunker Hill monument, and the structure cost $1,800,000; it was built by a company, which charges three cents toll per man. This bridge has been in most useful operation ever since about 1867; it was eleven years between its commencement and opening.

Roebling, the projector of the Brooklyn bridge, was the greatest bridge builder in the world. He started the making of wire cordage in America, and built suspension bridges to carry the aqueducts of canals across rivers, and engineered the Pennsylvania railroad across the mountains. The Brooklyn bridge, between towers, is 1,595 feet long. Behind the towers there are 940 feet each side, back to the anchorages. The whole length of the bridge and approaches is 6,000 feet. It is one of the widest bridges in the world, eighty-five feet, with a promenade thirteen feet wide, two railroad tracks and four carriage and two horse-car tracks. It is 135 feet in the centre above the water. The rock on which the towers rest is about ninety feet below the surface of the water on the New York side, and half that depth on the Brooklyn side—the most stupendous thing about the structure. Each tower is 134 feet long by fifty-six wide and at the top these dimensions are reduced to 120 feet by forty, or the size of a very large house. Each tower is 268 feet above high water. It is 1,336 feet from the beginning of the causeway on Chatham street out to the anchorage on the New York shore. The architect of the bridge received his death wound almost at its inception.—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

FLAXSEED FOR STOCK.—From all accounts, the amount of flaxseed sown this season is unusually large. In many places where the prospect for a crop of fall-sown wheat was poor, the ground was plowed up quite early in the spring and sown to flax. In some parts of the West, farmers sow flax on newly turned sod for the purpose of preparing the ground for a crop of wheat the following year. It requires less labor to sow and harvest a crop of flax than to plant and gather a crop of corn, and many state that the ground is in better condition after the flax than the corn. Soft corn is not salable, but flaxseed always finds a ready market. The expense of making flaxseed is less than for any crop that can be raised on the amount of land. It is generally worth more per bushel than any other kind of grain, and it is manufactured in the West instead of in the East. In many sections the manufacturers of linseed oil furnish seed to homesteaders and other poor farmers with a view of securing their crop when harvested. The manufacture of this oil is very profitable, as the oil-cake sells for more than half the sum paid for the seed from which it is made. Nearly all of it goes to Great Britain, where its value for feed to all kinds of stock is better appreciated than in this country. But little use is made of oil-cake or of ground flaxseed in the United States, except to feed to calves and milch cows that are in poor condition in the spring. Few have employed either of them as a part of the regular diet for stock, or for the purpose of preparing the animals for the butcher. There is no necessity for extracting the oil from flaxseed before feeding to stock. In fact, the oil it contains is the most valuable portion of it. Pure ground flaxseed, when fed alone, is too rich, but it mixed with meal, bran or shorts it is excellent for all kinds of stock. An experienced feeder recommends mixing one bushel of flaxseed with seven of corn and the same number of oats, and grinding them together. There is no better feed for calves "brought up by hand" than boiled flaxseed and skimmed milk. It is the best substitute for fresh milk. A small amount of flaxseed should be fed at first, but the amount can be increased to a pound a day by the time the calves are a month old.—*Chicago Times.*

THE WAY OF THE ROAD.—The *Scientific American* says one of the anomalies in American customs is that of a driver of a wagon sitting on the right hand side, while he always turns out to the right when passing another team. It matters not whether he be on a broad, safe thoroughfare or on a narrow lane or crowded city street, his seat is the same. Thus situated it is very difficult to see the exposed wheels in passing, those which require the eye of the driver. Doubtless this is a prominent cause of the many collisions between passing teams, and the wonder is that more do not happen. The custom was brought over by the pilgrims, but like a Dutch sentence the parts got transposed in the translation. Across the pond the driver sits on the right, but always turns to the left. In copying the practice we retained the useless part, and changed the essential for some unexplained reason. Possibly our fathers thought to be consistent in the matter, and rather than be right-handed in sitting while left-handed in driving, changed the latter to suit. At all events, the thing as now practiced is very inconvenient and is a worthy subject of reform in this year when reforms are so much in favor. And since it is easier to change our position on the seat than to alter the custom of turning to the right, let us henceforth hand our friends up to the right side of the wagon while we as drivers take the opposite side.

IT takes just as much brains to equip a good farmer or a good mechanic as to equip a good preacher or a good lawyer. The physical exertion is required of the hands instead of the tongue, and that is where the trouble comes in. Too many young men disregard the divine injunction to live by the sweat of their brows, and endeavor, instead, to make a living by the sweat of their jaw. A reasonable number of young men can take this course and not injure the State, but when eight out of ten make up their minds to follow the professions, the result is exceedingly injurious to the community.—*Ex.*

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.

FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 25, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profit which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,

JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy. I got two bottles of Preston & Luddington, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,

H. A. BENBOLKETT, M. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in the city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, removing the bone clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others Yours truly. G. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.

WEST ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 15, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Several months ago I injured my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the soreness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with. Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callouses, sprains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any pain or soreness for which a liniment is used in man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success in our knowledge, for man or beast, as well as here.

☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Feb. 18, 1881.—9m.

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP

Is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur in its pure, unadulterated state, which enters the pores of the skin, being absorbed into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a fineness, purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled, and can be produced by no other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is cleansing, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying. Removes dandruff, tetter, blotches, skin eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of the scalp, and by its use will relieve itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP; insist upon it, and take no imitation. Sold by druggists. ASCHENBACH & MILLER, Proprietors, No. 20 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. OATMAN and E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-8.-1y.]

DIRECTIONS.

For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, etc. Apply with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breathe through the nose. The Balm will thus be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness. Apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores; restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequalled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

☞ For sale by Ebensburg, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [14-14.-1ym.]

PE-RU-NA

"For pain in the limbs, back, stomach, breast, side or shoulder blades, take PERUNA."

"For cramp of the stomach, colic, diarrhœa, or vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For cough, asthma, night sweats, shortness of breath, take PERUNA."

"For chronic catarrh, bronchitis, pleurisy, and sore throat of any kind—PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, surest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, take PERUNA; if weak or worried mentally, can't rest, take PERUNA."

"$1000 will be paid for the least impurity or mineral that may be found in PERUNA."

Sold everywhere. For pamphlet write to S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

If you are sick, feel badly, or in any way unwell, take PERUNA and regulate the bowels with

MAN-A-LIN

☞ Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-13, 81.-1y.*]

AFTER all other liniments have failed, TRY DR. YARUS' ELECTRIC RELIEF.

By taking internally it will cure cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramp, colic, asthma, phthisic, influenza, spasms, sick headache, morning sickness, heartburn, sour stomach, pain in the back and sunstroke. Applied externally, it will relieve you of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, lumbago, earache, toothache, inflamed breasts, mumps, gout, pleurisy, pneumonia, frost bites, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, wounds, contracted tendons, leucorrhœa, swollen joints, stings and bites of insects. Sold by druggists and storekeepers generally. Wholesale depot, N. W. corner 3rd and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a, Pa. [9-24.-0¼m.]

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate, and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by JAMES A. KELLY & CO., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LAMMON Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2.'83.-1y.]

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

IT is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

THE VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes Now, Delightful and Fashionable.

Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

Mothers, Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men & Women, Teachers, and all who are tired out by work or worry, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness: if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are enfeebled by disease, age, or dissipation, and you system needs invigorating, or your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics as it never intoxicates, and Cures Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure your signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam. Removes Dandruff. Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair

to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, of which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 13 Chatham St., N. Y.

Feb. 4, 1881.-1y.

$2 Watches. Stem winders $1.25. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $4. Solid gold $15. Cheapest and best for your own trade or canvassing. Valuable sample Watch and Chain, Jewelry & Co., Fort Plain, New York.

ALL ABOUT ANTS.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS—REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOWER ORDERS OF NATURE.

If something is not done pretty soon to check the progress of alleged discoveries of intelligence among ants, says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, mankind will begin to doubt whether it really occupies the advanced front rank in the march of natural development after all, and whether that place of honor does not rightfully belong to the genus Formica, as a higher order than the genus Homo. In the new number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Mr. George J. Romanes collates a number of discoveries by students of ant life which go far to prove that Solomon, in advising consideration of the ways of that insect, was exercising some of the extraordinary wisdom for which he is famed. We have room for only a few of them here; persons who are interested in the study are referred to the paper itself.

In the first place, ants are not only capable of distinguishing colors, a fact which is itself remarkable in insects which show a marked dislike for light except as a help in their wanderings abroad, but they show a preference for some colors over others, and their preference ranges in the order of the influence of colors on a photographic plate. What is this but a higher development of photo-magnetism than man has yet attained? Again, ants have a very keen sense of smell, and can not only follow and find each other by scent alone, but they can in this way detect members of their own tribe which they have never seen before—which, in fact, have been removed from the nest while in the pupa stage, and have been returned as perfect strangers.

They also appear to have more caution and common sense than is possessed by the majority of human beings. It was found that, to keep them away from a vase of flowers which had a great attraction for them, and to which they were resorting in a continuous stream, it was only necessary to kill one or two and maim a few more. The survivors instantly abandoned the spot, and did not return for months. On the other hand, when a couple of men are drowned on a dangerous beach, or a dozen or more killed in a railroad casualty, the next tide or the next train brings more adventurers to the fatal spot than there were before. It is curious that ants should have more sense than men in keeping out of danger.

Ants can also communicate information as well as men can; but instead of boring everybody within a dozen yards by long-drawn gossip about persons and things of no earthly interest, or worrying their friends who wish to sit still and think to the extreme limit of forbearance with frivolous talk, they appear to confine their remarks to short and simple business communications, and to impart them only to the friends whom they desire to inform. In this way business is not interrupted, and the general formicary public is not forced to listen to an uninteresting discussion of private affairs.

Ants have a great memory for both places and objects, and one generation seems to hand down to the next the traditions of matters affecting their race; thus showing at least the rudiments of a historical faculty. As no instances have yet been noticed, however, in which the narratives thus handed down taught anything but the strictest truth, the faculty is evidently in a rudimentary state as yet—unless this, too, is a higher development of which the human historian has now but faint and fleeting glimpses. These insects also display emotions of various kinds, affection and hatred being the most prominent. They are good haters, and born good fighters, and will go further to injure a member of an alien tribe than to rescue their dearest friends from distress. It is impossible, however, to consider this a higher development than the rare cases of the highest order of human philanthropy which are occasionally recorded, and this is one of the things which warrant an adherance to the old belief that ants are lower than man in the scale of being. It is well to encourage such a belief, however slender the basis on which it may be founded.

Some interesting information will be found in Mr. Romanes's paper on the thrifty habit noted by the wise man of providing for the future. They take as much care of the aphides which serve them as cows serve mankind, as men do of their animals, sheltering them from winter storms, establishing them in fresh pastures, and protecting them from injury. Several species are inveterate slaveholders, and have perfectly learned the lesson which mankind is still struggling with, of never doing anything that another can do for them. These ants have brought the system to such perfection that they do not even chew their own food, but compel their slaves to prepare it and put in their mouths.

Furthermore, ants have a human-like passion for keeping domestic pets, using beetles, crickets and other insects for this purpose; they are fond of bathing and seem to prefer the Turkish style of that enjoyment, being well rubbed down by a slave or companion; they frequently indulge in games and wrestling matches, and finally, when one of their number dies, they hold a funeral and bury it decently; though as nobody has yet succeeded in finding in formicary undertaker's bill, it is not known whether they have brought this ceremony up to the pitch of human perfection or not.

MORE ABOUT ANTS.

"Isn't rice rather strange food for warblers?" was asked the owner of a fine lot of birds, who was feeding them with that grain.

"These are not rice kernels?" he replied, laughing, "but the pupæ or undeveloped young of ants, the best bird food in the world. In Europe you can buy them by the pint or quart for this purpose, but collecting them in America does not pay. I gather these for my own use on Long Island."

"It must require a great deal of patience," the reporter continued, picking up a handful of the white cocoon-like bodies that every one has seen when breaking up an ants' nest.

"Not if you understand it," the ant farmer said. "I make the ants collect them for me. You see, in every nest of ants there are different kinds, males and females, with wings, that lie around and enjoy themselves, and the workers, who build the houses, make tunnels and feed the young; you will know them by their big jaws, just as you would a workingman by his coarse hands. The eggs are little white specks, and from them come the maggots which in a few weeks spin a cocoon like these I have here. Just as soon as the eggs are laid the workers take them in hand. For two weeks or more they keep them moist, and when hatched they feed the maggots. When they turn into cocoons they carry them around as occasion requires, and on their affection for the young I depend for my bird food. I generally pour a little warm water in the ants' nest or burn tobacco or powder near them under ground, and in a moment hundreds of the workers will be seen rushing out, each with one of these kernels of rice, as you thought, in his mouth, and off they go to some safe, dry place and pile them up, rushing back for more until every one is safe, and then I slip in and bottle them up. I have frequently gotten nearly half a pint from one nest. Any one can see the same thing by destroying a nest in the spring; the workers will rush out on the slightest warning. I've been something of a traveler, and made it a point to collect ants and watch them wherever I have been, and," pulling out a drawer, "here are some of them."

They were few in numbers, but a worthy assemblage. All phases of anthood were arranged by families and species, perched in mid-air, and secured by pins on cork sponges, each carefully labelled with the scientific and common names, while a number on each label referred to a book in which the ant collector had taken notes concerning them. One particular ant, that was labelled as a member of the Formicidæ family, was decked out with an array of spines that could only be compared to fishhooks.

"Birds would never touch them," the collector said, "and that is probably what the spines are for. You see, here are others that have simple straight spines. They came from the East Indies, though the family is a world wide one, and are principally remarkable for their nest building proclivities. The nest is made of dry leaves, the edges gummed together. They are harmless creatures, and have no means to attack, and depend on their powers of frightening enemies. When alarmed, they rush out of the nest in a body, striking their bodies against the dried leaves, and making a noise something like that made by a rattlesnake, only more resonant and enough to frighten a bird badly.

"Here is a queer fellow," he continued, holding up one about an inch long, with a head certainly four times the size of its body, and black and ugly." It belongs to the genus Pheidole. They are tramps of the tramp race, and wander around attacking everything, and are often dragged off by their more sprightly fellows. They live in the forests under the grass and seem to be of no use to themselves or anyone else. The Ecitons are another vagabond race, though really Nimrods, always hunting and stopping at nothing. I once saw a body of them attack a hive of bees in Guinea. The conflict was short. The bees dashed at them, but were caught and pulled to pieces, the tiny creatures being seemingly insensible of their stings. Related to these is a curious species totally blind. They construct a tunnel on the surface like moles; but whether they have lost their eyesight from living in the dark or were originaly blind it is hard to tell. The ants seem to stand next to man as regards intelligence, and have a language that is perfect in its requirements. If a foe approaches their nest, part will rush to the attack while others go to inform the rest, a certain number remaining to guard the pupæ. If the battle wages fiercely they are kept informed, and the young are removed to the lowest recesses of the dwelling. Professor Latrielle removed the ontennæ from a numoer of ants and released them, and their comrades were seen rubbing the parts with saliva. Some persons even claim to have noticed a system of burial among them with curious rites.

"The most wonderful authenic occurrence that has ever been noticed among them was a regular battle seen by Mr. Huber, of Geneva, and Mr. Hanhart, of Basel. The fight was between an army of brown ants that had two hills, and a nation of black ants that had four hills about forty feet from them. In the month of June they observed a movement in the hills of the brown ants. They marched out to the middle of an uncultivated field, which was situated between them and their enemies, and arranged themselves in a long, uninterrupted, oblique line of battle, which line was about twenty-four feet long, and consisted of only one file. In the meantime, the much more numerous, but much smaller black ants also marched out and arayed themselves in the line of battle three ranks deep, their right wing being covered with a mass of several hundred, while their left wing was supported by almost a thousand. Thus the two armies moved, one against the other until they approached each other near enough to commence the fight, when the two masses which supported the wings formed oblong squares, from three to four inches wide without taking part in the affray. Then the battle began with fury, the jaws, stings and venom constituting their formidable weapons; and very soon mutilated bodies, heads and headless trunks, torn-out feet and legs could be seen lying all over that minature battle-ground. This was continued with great vigor till noon, when the massacre ceased, and the remnant of the brown ants, as the victors, took possession of the fortresses of the enemy, carrying along with them their wounded fellow soldiers."

"THE CITY OF SIT STILL."—St. George's, Bermuda, is built on the island of that name, the easternmost of the group. It is picturesque enough when viewed from the harbor, rising as it does somewhat abruptly from the water's edge, but on a closer inspection it turns out to be a wretched place. The streets are mere lanes without footways, as untidy and illkept as the Asiatic bazaar. The houses, the walls and roofs of which are whitewashed, are built anyhow, anywhere, and might have tumbled into their places through the action of an earthquake so far as appearances go. There is no water supply and there is no drainage. Each house has its own tank, in which rain water is collected from the roof in sufficient quantities generally for necessary purposes; and it has its own pit, into which refuse is flung. The whole place swarms with fowls, a family of which is to be seen at the back, if not at the front of every house, enjoying the privilege of cackling and crowing all day, and, bad luck to them! all night too, to their own hearts' content, and to the agony of the stranger whose lot it may be to sojourn within earshot of them. There is not a street that is not full of holes, and that has not broken bottles, old jam pots, fragments of crockery, and odds and ends thrown about it. If a wall falls down, the rubbish must wait to be removed by enterprising townspeople of the next generation. In April, 1879 a large ship, laden with grain, took fire at the quay. The ship was towed some six hundred yards out in the harbor and scuttled. And there she remained for a year and a-half before an attempt to remove her was made, her masts and rigging standing high out of the water, and the grain rotting in the hold, poisoning air and water with a foul stench such as can only be imagined by those who know what the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen is, an eyesore to all beholders, and a fitting monument to the apathy of the corporation. If fifty cartloads of broken glass were upset in the market-place or in the principal thoroughfares, it is doubtful whether anyone would offer the slightest remonstrance in this stronghold of nonchalance.—*Times Correspondent.*

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